

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"ONE HAND, BADLY BURNED, FELL TO HER SIDE, BUT THE OTHER HAND NEVER LOSE ITS GRIP."

NEW YORK.—THRILLING SCENE AT A RECENT FIRE IN GREENPOINT.—SEE PAGE 247.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
85, 85 & 87 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1892.

## OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be issued December 13th, will surpass, in its artistic and literary attractions, all previous issues of this popular publication. It will consist of thirty-two pages of illustrations and reading-matter, with a cover shaded in terra-cotta, printed on superior paper, and as a whole, will illustrate in a most striking manner the wonderful progress of the engraver's and printer's arts. Among the full-page and double-page illustrations, especially adapted to the season, which will illuminate this Holiday Publication, will be the following: "A Christmas Reverie," "Going to a Christmas Dinner One Hundred Years Ago," "Santa Claus in a Child's Hospital," "A Bird's Christmas Breakfast" and "I Wish you a Merry Christmas!" The literary contributions, from the pens of eminent and favorite writers, entitled, "Two Christmas Gifts," "Out of Darkness into Light," "Her Christmas Gift," "Shorty Long's Christmas Gift," "Fair Little Jealousy," "Christmas at Carradoc," etc., will also be accompanied by suitable illustrations, giving, in all, a score or more of beautiful pictures, full of the spirit and tenderness of the Christmas time. The Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is confident that a discriminating public will fully appreciate this effort to furnish a Holiday issue measuring up to the canons of the highest and most critical taste.

## HOW SHALL THEY BE MARRIED?

AS long as our present entanglement of marriage-laws is made the guide of the citizen, and any couple is regarded as married if some needy minister can be hired to say so, this country will continue to be shocked by monstrous misalliances. Only last week a jet black negro and a respectable white girl were married in Zanesville, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Bain. "The police are looking for the minister," though what they want of him is not obvious, inasmuch as his act was clearly legal. How long is it since a beautiful girl of Denver was married to a most repulsive negro by a respectable clergyman? How long is it since the daughter of the wealthy Governor of Connecticut was married to her father's coachman by a clergyman? Last month a pretty and interesting girl eloped from New York city with a minstrel clog-dancer, but she telegraphed back to her family that they were married by a Brooklyn clergyman before they started. Some method of controlling and restraining these slap-dash marriages ought to be devised.

The methods by which marriage is legalized in this country are sadly in need of amendment. Even the complicated and elaborate ceremonial of China would be better than the lax system which now prevails in the United States—If, indeed, the varied and grotesque yokings-up and un-yokings from State to State can be termed a system. Nothing can be more incongruous or contradictory than the so-called laws which are supposed to govern matrimony.

In the eye of the law, both in England and America, marriage is regarded as simply a civil contract, "evidenced by words prescribed by law or by law deemed sufficient." The act of going before a priest, or repeating words after him, or using prolonged religious ceremonies, does not in any way strengthen the bond which consists in a mutual confession of marriage before witnesses. If a man say, pointing at a woman, "This is my wife," and she courtsey in assent, it is regarded as a valid marriage; indeed, cohabitation alone, if open and avowed, without any declaration on either side, is held to be sufficient proof. Such a state of things is certainly scandalous, and ought to be corrected. Even our primitive ancestors went through the very definite, if not difficult, feat of jumping over a broomstick, and the bride and bridegroom in Cañaria perform the ceremony of rubbing their noses together; but in this

advanced Republic, in the glare of all sorts of electric lights, at the summit of modern civilization, people are married with even simpler forms than these.

This should not be. Marriage underlies all society, and the laws concerning it should be made symmetrical and uniform. If our separate States cannot agree in adopting some form of marriage which shall prevail alike in all, at once comprehensive and exclusive, making the union of two persons for life at least as dignified and serious a performance as selling a cow, then the Constitution of the United States should have one more amendment, and the Federal Government should accept the responsibility of marriages. As the common law and all law regards marriage as merely a legal contract, an officer of the law should always be required to perform the ceremony, and to use for that purpose a specified form of words. Whatever religious ceremonies the parties desire may be added to the secular ceremony; but the latter should be indispensable. Then, if parties insist on marrying without this prescribed ceremony, let the marriage stand, but the law-breakers be punished by fine or imprisonment.

The ease with which clergymen can be found at present who will marry anybody without inquiry, sufficiently justifies the demand which is arising for the complete secularization of marriage. If our laws are made uniform in declaring that no religious ceremony will suffice to legalize a marriage, but that the voice of the State, uttered by one of its officers, is imperative, some protection will be enjoyed by parents who are now at the mercy of caprice and recklessness. France requires civil marriages. Since 1757 England, too, has enjoyed a prescribed legal form of contracting marriage, and it has proved the shield alike of virtue and decency—of reputation as well as character. The English marriage must now take place either, first, in the Episcopal Church after legal permission, and with certain unchangeable forms, and between the hours of eight and twelve, A. M.; or, second, in a dissenting church, in the presence of an officer of the Crown; or, third, in the office of the superintendent registrar of the district, performed by that officer himself. Before the passage of Lord Hardwick's Act, mere consent was enough to constitute marriage in England, and the greatest matrimonial recklessness prevailed. The clergy became very much degraded. Every country-house was provided with one to say grace at dinner, but he was frequently expected to serve also as scullion, butler, gamekeeper, butt and buffoon; to leave the table before dessert was brought on, and to marry some Abigail whose reputation had been blown on. In Piccadilly they hung out signs, "Marriages Done Here!" for the sake of the resulting half crown, and they flocked out when the stage arrived, like so many hotel-runners, crying, "Do you want a parson?" "Parson?" "Want a Parson, sir?—only three shillings!"

This time will probably not come in America; but the subservience of the clergy to all who want to marry, and the shameless manner in which the secular power shirks the responsibility which rightly belongs to it, serve to remind us of it quite painfully. This is a large question, and a most grave and important one—Is no man to arise who has the sensibilities to comprehend it and the power to deal with it?

## OUR TRADE WITH MEXICO.

"WHILE American goods are found largely in Mexican markets," says the *Mexican Financier*, published at the City of Mexico, "they are here, not because of the progressiveness which usually characterizes American trade movements, but almost in spite of the most serious trade obstacles." The population of Mexico is now 10,000,000, in round numbers. Its total agricultural products last year amounted to \$177,451,086; industrial products, \$14,000,000; mineral products, \$30,000,000. Last year's exports amounted to \$20,000,000, and the imports to nearly \$40,000,000, leaving the balance of trade as two to one against the country. The total value of exports to that country from the United States in 1881 was \$19,198,000, or nearly one-half the total imports of Mexico for the year; while our imports from Mexico amounted to \$18,317,000, of which \$9,115,824, or about fifty per cent., was in coin and bullion.

The railroad enterprises now under way and in rapid process of completion promise to open up a new era of internal development and commercial prosperity, which will place our sister republic a long way in advance of her present position. From the geographical contiguity of the United States and Mexico, the commercial and financial interests of the two countries would appear to be naturally joined in close relations, and self-interest certainly holds out every inducement for American merchants and manufacturers to avail themselves of the rich and rapidly expanding markets of our semi-tropic neighbor.

Yet the *Mexican Financier*, from which quotation has already been made, and which is a singularly conservative and trustworthy authority on the subject, shows unmistakably that proverbial Yankee enterprise is, in this important instance, sadly at fault. This journal further says: "While products in abundance are exported to countries separated from the United States by the entire width of ocean, the bulk of trade with this inviting and contiguous market is comparatively insignificant. . . . One of the difficulties lies in the fact that, with regard to all this Mexican trade, there has been too much theorizing and too little action on the part of Americans." Our Mexican contemporary does not confine itself to "glittering generalities," but gives a bill of particulars, showing some of the principal reasons why our trade there is so far below what it could and should be, and the remedies which are obviously demanded. Briefly summarized, the latter are:

First, the sending of capable representatives to the Mexican market.

Second, the establishment of an American Commercial Exchange at the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, Monterey, Chihuahua, and other Mexican centres of trade. "At such places samples of American products should be displayed, and all needed information supplied to Mexican merchants to induce them to send their orders to the United States instead of across the Atlantic. Such exchanges would also prove very useful in furnishing information to American merchants as to what kind and quantities of goods are in demand in different sections of Mexico and the best method of supplying the same."

Third, greater care in the shipping of goods, a point which has heretofore been sadly neglected. According to the present shipshod practices, the bulk and weight are unnecessarily large, adding greatly to the burden of freight and tariff charges, while the goods not infrequently reach their destination in a seriously damaged condition.

Fourth, honesty in the quality of goods sent. "An unfortunate error," says the *Financier*, "frequently made by American houses is that inferior goods can be 'worked off' in this market. The absurdity of this idea is apparent to even a careless observer here. The finest goods find here the readiest market. The numerous wealthy and thriving classes in Mexico purchase only the finest wearing apparel imported from Paris, and numberless stores are full of elegant articles imported from the leading mercantile and manufacturing centres of Europe. There is an abundant market here to-day for first-class goods, but it is very questionable whether trashy articles can be sold at a profit after deducting the expenses of transportation and duties."

In conclusion, our level-headed contemporary says:

"The extended commercial relations so natural and desirable between the two Republics can be established only by energetic and organized efforts, liberal expenditure of money, and an intimate knowledge of the requirements of this important market. The sooner these efforts are made, and the existing defects of the system are remedied, the better for American exporters to Mexico. Every month marked by the present listless and careless policy of American merchants gives to their European competitors opportunities still further to strengthen and develop their present advantages, and to render it yet more difficult for American merchants to enter and possess this inviting field. A more just realization of these facts, and a total reversion of the present order of things, will soon turn the flood-tide of Mexican trade where it would naturally flow, towards the commercial and manufacturing centres of the United States."

## AMERICAN SKILL AND ART.

IT is very generally acknowledged that we are the "handiest" of peoples. Not English, nor Irish, nor German artisans have such deft fingers, such rapid manipulation, as we. Set an Englishman and an American to lay bricks, side by side, and the Englishman will lay nine hundred, or, if he be a superior workman, a thousand, in a day, while the Yankee will do his fifteen hundred easily, or, if a first class workman, and on his mettle, his record will be hard upon two thousand. In like manner a German or Scandinavian, or Scotch girl, may be a more thorough domestic servant than her American compeer, but she will be exasperatingly thick headed, or so slow as to wear out the patience of her mistress, while the American "help," though pitifully "slack," will be quicker not only, but more dexterous, and far more teachable in matters of taste and in little refinements of her business.

In fact, the latter grows out of the former. Superior skill in the use of hands and tools naturally leads to superior neatness, to a better finish of work, and to a higher standard of taste, which is increasingly developed by its exercise. This explains why our artisans and working people have manifested a degree of taste in matters which pertain to their occupations quite superior to any shown by people of the same rank in other countries, and far excelling, relatively, the taste displayed among ourselves in the higher walks of art. Here, perhaps, is a key to the enigma presented by our hitherto lamentable failure

in the matter of household adornment, especially in furniture. We have not, because we know not, what we want. Taste with us must be cultivated rather subjectively than objectively. It cannot be nourished by the contemplation of works of high art, which, in older countries, may everywhere be seen and studied by the artisan, but it must be built up from within. The dexterity and skill which are the peculiar inheritance of our race help to this end; first, by aiding to a perfect understanding of what is needed, and then by giving power to produce that thing. And, with this understanding and this power, comes taste to discern the inherent beauty of that simplicity of form and harmony of outline which grow out of a direct purpose adequately realized. Therefore, we are already famous as makers of tools and machinery, which are not only most perfect but most beautiful of their kind. A study of our agricultural implements, particularly as contrasted with those of other countries, shows this.

No meretricious adornment is theirs; every part has its meaning, and the result is a not merely relative but a positive beauty. A real "feeling" for art in these things has developed itself, because the want of them was what advertisers call "a felt want," and the aesthetic element in the national nature was prompted to meet it.

Now, it will not be until we grow up to a more perfect knowledge of what is wanted in the matter of household art that the same resulting beauty will be found in that sphere. At the present day the wooden ware and common pottery, the brass and tin ware, of our kitchens are far more satisfactory to the artistic taste than the chairs and tables of our drawing rooms, for the former are intrinsically as well as relatively beautiful, while the latter are seldom either the one or the other. The former are beautiful because their designers knew precisely what was needed, and the object to be produced was not beyond the power of the mind to conceive. It existed in perfection in the thought of its creator, and his taste and skill were perfectly adequate to the embodiment of the conception. As yet this is the case only with the elect few of furniture-makers and house-decorators. It is not so much taste that is lacking as a clear perception of what is wanted, and it is the enlargement of mind and clearness of vision which will assist that perception that especially needs cultivation. Taste will follow as a matter of course, and then a broader art culture, which will be permanent and essentially our own.

## THE GOVERNMENT ESTIMATES.

THE most striking feature of the estimates of appropriations required by the Government for the next fiscal year is the immense amount asked for pensions, which is no less than \$101,575,000. A large share of this is due to that tremendous piece of demagogism, the passage of the Arrears of Pensions Bill; and huge as are the proportions to which this measure has already swollen the pension account, the total must go still higher before it begins to fall, as it scarcely will until twenty years after the close of the war. Nothing is asked for rivers and harbors, very properly, in view of the large surplus from this year's enormous over-appropriation, but the Navy Department calls for nearly \$9,000,000 more than a year ago, over \$6,000,000 being demanded for construction and repair of vessels, and above \$4,000,000 for steam machinery. There is also an increase of about \$7,000,000 in the estimates for public works, due chiefly to the large number of Government buildings now in process of erection, and nearly \$3,000,000 more than last year is called for by the civil establishment. A surplus of over \$3,000,000 is expected from the postal service, for the first time in its history, but the manner in which the other expenses of the Government keep up or increase shows the folly of the wild proposition to abolish the whole internal revenue system, and thus cut off the great revenue from liquor and tobacco which will be largely needed when the tariff revision so imperatively demanded is effected.

## ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A REVIVAL of the perennial troubles in Ireland has again concentrated public attention upon that unhappy island. As though the serious distress threatened by famine in the west of the country were not enough, there has been a fresh and alarming outbreak of lawlessness in the capital. The number of agrarian crimes in the rural regions has of late decreased in a most encouraging manner, having fallen below one hundred during November, for the first time in twenty-eight months; but while the general condition of the country has thus improved, Dublin itself is suffering from what Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, characterizes as "organized lawlessness." Appearances certainly indicate the existence of an organization, patterned somewhat after the Nihilist model in Russia, which has already committed serious crimes and threatens still more serious consequences. A detective—named Cox—



was shot dead a few nights ago by one of a band of suspicious individuals, and within the next two days one of the jurors who recently convicted a murderer was stabbed, and a bailiff who was serving a writ met the same fate. So threatening is the condition of affairs that the city has been proclaimed under the operation of the Curfew section of the Repression Act, which authorizes the police to arrest all suspicious persons found in the streets between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise. The assault upon the jurymen, combined with the other acts of lawlessness, has produced such an effect upon the special jurors that they have requested the Government not to call upon them to serve for the present, but to try political prisoners without juries. To add to the trouble, Messrs. Davitt, Healy and Redmond have been making such inflammatory speeches that the Government has announced its purpose to arrest them and prohibit further meetings of the National League unless they stop. The Irish question has given rise to considerable debate in Parliament, but the rules relating to standing committees have been passed, and the business for which the session was called is thus completed.

The expectation that Arabi Pasha's case would be compromised in some way, and that the late leader of the Egyptian rebellion would escape with his life, has at last been realized. A fair trial would undoubtedly have shown the Sultan's complicity in his schemes, and all parties were, therefore, glad to settle the matter. It was consequently arranged that Arabi should be arraigned on the charge of armed rebellion, plead guilty, be sentenced to death, and then have the sentence commuted to the Khédive to exile for life, all of which was done at Cairo on December 2d. The other chief prisoners are to be treated in the same way.

Since France practically abdicated her position as a great power in Europe, she is pushing her claims in other parts of the world with unusual vigor. No sooner has M. de Brazza's treaty with the Congo chief Makoko been ratified than the French Government presents the Madagascar ambassadors visiting Paris with an ultimatum requiring their country to accept a French protectorate. They have refused compliance with this demand, and gone to England, which country is inclined to dispute the pretensions of France, and to claim a better right to a controlling voice in Madagascar affairs herself, by reason of the fact that English trade and interests in that region exceed those of France. The controversy has especial interest for Americans, since a citizen—Emerson by name—of this country, was recently murdered on the west coast, as were also his native attendant and a European interpreter, while a fellow-countryman, one Hulett, was seriously wounded.

The political agitation in Spain continues. Señor Segasta has formally announced that the reforms proposed by the Government will include religious liberty, freedom of the press, trial by jury, and the legalization of civil marriage. The Dynastic Left declares its policy to be liberty with order, under the rule of king Alfonso. The Conservatives continue to attack the policy of the Government, and have recently given a definitive approval to the formation of the Dynastic Left.

The troubles with university students in Russia still continue. The authorities of the St. Petersburg institution have expelled forty-six, who were prominent in the recent disturbances, and placed their parents under police supervision.—Serious floods have prevailed in Germany and Holland. The Rhine at Mayence reached the highest point known for a century, and great damage was done at Cologne, Coblenz and Bonn, with some loss of life and terrible suffering among the people in the inundated quarters.—The German Reichstag has rejected the motion to allow as optional the use of French in debates in the Provincial Committee of Alsace-Lorraine.

It is gratifying to observe that steps have been taken for a thorough investigation into the alleged election frauds in Virginia. The safety of the elective franchise, and the interests of good government alike demand that the corruption of the ballot, wherever it is attempted, should be punished by the imposition of the severest penalties.

The report of the Comptroller of Currency shows that there are 796 private bankers in sixteen of the principal cities of the Union. These have a capital of \$74,440,599, and deposits amounting to \$109,741,746. About sixty-eight per cent. of these private banks are in New York city. In the country at large there are 3,391 private bankers, with an aggregate capital of \$114,255,892, and aggregate deposits of \$295,622,160.

The treatment, by the Southern press, of the attempt to cheat Chalmers, running as an Administration candidate for Congress in Mississippi, out of an election by the same sort of chicanery which he himself employed two years ago, when running as a Bourbon, against his Republican opponent, is much to be commended. No man could well be more offensive to honest Democrats, as he is to honest Republicans, than this champion turncoat of political history; yet, with scarcely an exception, the leading Democratic journals of the South agree with those in the North that the attempt to swindle him out of his seat by tampering with the returns must be promptly rebuked by the Democratic House to which he has been elected. The readiness of Southern people and papers to condone such tricks in the past has been most discouraging, and this evidence of a change in public sentiment is very welcome.

If it be true, as reported, that two American citizens have been murdered on the west coast of Madagascar, an opportunity will be given our Government to demonstrate whether it has any really definite policy as to the rights of American citizens abroad. In the days of William L. Marcy, the simple seizure of a naturalized American by a foreign power provoked an immediate assertion of the national authority, backed by the shotted guns of a naval squadron, compelling the release of the prisoner, with profuse apologies from the offending Government. In these latter days—more the pity!—our State Department seems less keenly sensible of its obligation to protect our citizens against outrage in other lands; but the present case, should the facts turn out to be as represented, so emphatically demands attention that the Department's action will be awaited with lively interest.

PUBLIC interest in the Star Route conspiracy, which was rapidly dying out under the cloud of scandal in which the late trial expired, has been revived by vigorous action on the part of President Arthur. Upon the advice of his Attorney-general, the President has removed from office Marshal Henry, of the District of Columbia; Postmaster Ainger and his assistant, Parker, of Washington; Foreman Helm of the Congressional Record, and Government Director Spencer, of the Union Pacific Railway, upon charges of sympathy or co-operation with the thieves. The offenses of these officials have long been rank, and the only criticism to be passed upon their dismissal is the long delay which the President has permitted. The action now taken has struck terror to the conspirators, and the prosecution professes strong confidence that the second trial will result in conviction. Whether or not this shall prove to be the case, it is something to be grateful for that the Administration has set itself right before the country by assuming the proper attitude toward the friends and apologists of a gang of swindlers.

THE voluminous reminiscences which Thurlow Weed contributed during the last years of his long life in newspaper communications and interviews have been supplemented since his death by the publication of a statement giving what he knew regarding the death of William Morgan, whose fate has been the subject of endless speculation ever since his disappearance and supposed murder by Masons fifty-five years ago. Mr. Weed's narrative is given in the form of an affidavit, executed last September, and its salient feature is his report of the confession made to him in 1831 by John Whitney, of Rochester, that he and three fellow-Masons took the unfortunate man, whose revelation of the Order's secrets had arrayed its members against him, from the magazine in Fort Niagara, where he had been temporarily confined, to the mouth of the river, where, after a hard struggle, he was forced out of the boat and immediately sank, his body having been heavily weighted. Whitney and his partners in the crime long since died, and Mr. Weed, who had guarded their guilty secret for over half a century, rightly concluded that it was his duty before his own death to put on record their confession, and thus finally clear up one of the great mysteries of the century.

THE efficiency of the life-saving service becomes more marked with every year of its history. The establishment now embraces 190 stations, and during the last fiscal year 287 disasters occurred to vessels within the field of their operations, by which the lives of 2,268 persons on board were imperiled, yet only twelve of this large number were lost, these dozen unfortunates being quite beyond the reach of human aid. Almost two-thirds of the \$4,757,892 worth of property represented by these vessels and their cargoes was saved, while nearly 300 other vessels were worked off when stranded, piloted out of dangerous places and otherwise assisted by the crews. Their life-saving services also comprise the rescue of 128 persons cast into the water by disasters to small craft, and 39 who had fallen from wharves and piers. The gratifying progress which the service has made in reducing the perils of the sea is illustrated by the fact that, while before its general extension to all portions of the coast in 1876, one person was lost out of every twenty-nine on vessels suffering disaster, there has been a constant decrease, until now there is but one person out of every 113. No branch of the Government service makes a better return for the money required in its maintenance.

THE Yellowstone National Park is one of the greatest natural attractions of the world, and should remain the wonder and delight of visitors for ever. Yet so strong is the instinct of vandalism that it is really in grave danger of losing many of its chief attractions through the outrageous conduct of thoughtless tourists, who are rapidly exterminating the game, allowing their camp-fires to burn large areas of woodland, and even knocking down geyser-shafts with battering rams, in order to secure "specimens." A company has now been formed for the erection of hotels and the provision of other facilities for visitors, and as self-interest prompts the capitalists engaged in this enterprise to preserve the charms of the region, there is at last some hope that regulations may be adopted by the Government which will put an end to depredation and vandalism. Another region of great natural beauty is also threatened with destruction, the long-mooted schemes for building railroads into the Adirondacks and cutting down their immense forests being now apparently on the point of execution. This subject should engage the early attention of the new Legislature, for the wholesale system of tree-

cutting proposed would not only ruin a territory which New York ought to preserve unimpaired as a State park, but could scarcely fail to seriously affect the rainfall and climate of the whole commonwealth.

THE future of gas has been a fruitful theme of speculation ever since the discovery of the electric light, and naturally was the subject of discussion at the recent annual meeting of the American Gaslight Association. Mr. J. C. Pratt, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., read an interesting paper, in which he gave his fellow-capitalists a big dose of good advice, such as that they should eschew their present secret methods, become satisfied with reasonable profits, and restore the balance to their patrons in lower rates if they would escape the movement for Government control of the business which their present monopoly fosters. This done, he believes that gas can hold the field, its use be greatly extended, and the manufacturers continue to reap a good harvest on their investment. This is excellent doctrine; but the public will scarcely expect it to find ready acceptance among the gas monopolists. A gleam of hope, however, is afforded by the organization of a new company in New York, which proposes to furnish a recently-invented pure hydrogen gas, superior in quality to the ordinary gas, at lower rates than those now charged, and which is ready to bind itself against entering any pool or engaging in other such swindling devices. The outcome of this project will be watched with general interest.

THE recklessness with which people in need of medical advice consult any quack who makes fine promises is so great that the State long since attempted to save the public from itself by forbidding anybody to practice medicine without a diploma, showing his proper training at a reputable school. This makes it difficult and dangerous for a charlatan to set himself up as a physician without any apparent evidence of his qualifications beyond his own claims; but swindlers soon found that a good business might be done by running bogus medical colleges, which would furnish alleged diplomas that could be trusted to impose upon credulous people. Accordingly, institutions of this sort sprung up all over the country, and flourished for a time marvelously. But one after another was exposed, until it was generally thought that the perils with which new legislation had surrounded this villainous business had quite broken it up. It seems, however, that there are still men reckless enough to take the risks, and the recent discovery of a fraudulent medical college in the very heart of Boston has shown that people cannot be too careful in scrutinizing the record of professed practitioners.

THE conviction and sentence of R. Porter Lee, President of the First National Bank of Buffalo, for embezzlement, is a notable and encouraging event in these days of frequent breaches of trust. Lee was one of the most prominent citizens of Buffalo, a Sunday-school teacher in the most fashionable church, and was highly esteemed and implicitly trusted by the whole community. As is too apt to be the case, the directors of the bank left him free to run the institution about as he pleased, and one day the city was startled by the revelation that the president had embezzled about \$200,000 of the funds intrusted to his charge by loaning moneys on worthless paper. Every effort was made by Lee's friends to save him from the just punishment of his crime, and a disagreement of the jury on the first trial aroused apprehension lest this great plunderer might escape the fate which usually befalls smaller thieves. A second trial, however, resulted in a verdict of guilty, and Judge Wallace of the United States Court did his share of the work, as well as the jury had done theirs, by sentencing the embezzler to ten years in the penitentiary. The lesson conveyed by this trial is one which has long been sorely needed, and it is to be hoped that other men occupying positions of trust, who may be tempted to speculate with the money left in their keeping, will profit by it.

AMONG the many useful and deserving charities of the city, none is performing a more beneficent work than the Children's Aid Society. The statistics of last year's operations are especially eloquent and conclusive as to the almost immeasurable benefits which it confers upon the community. During the year lodgings were furnished to 14,122 different boys and girls; 13,966 children were taught and partly fed and clothed in the Society's day and evening schools; 2,340 were aided in sickness; 4,033 enjoyed the benefits of the Summer home, and 3,957 were provided with homes in the West and elsewhere. The total number under charge of the Society during the year was 36,971. The Society has twenty-one industrial schools, six lodging-houses, and twenty-one day and evening schools. The beneficial influence of its work is strikingly shown by a collection of statistics from the police records, from which it appears that, whereas the commitments of female vagrants amounted in 1859 to 5,778, and in 1860 to 5,880, they were in 1880 only 1,541, and in 1881 1,854; so, too, while the commitments of young girls for petit larceny reached in 1863 1,113 and in 1864 1,131, they fell in 1880 to 361, and in 1881 to 309. The average cost to the public of each child fed, clothed, sheltered and taught in the lodging-houses of the Society for the year was \$40.47. The average cost per year of each person in the Tombs is \$107.75. The total receipts for the year were \$237,624, and the total expenses, \$236,069. The total expenditures for thirty years have been \$3,426,038, and there can be no doubt that every dollar of this outlay has been returned to society at large a hundred times over.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Domestic.

THE differences between the hostile railroads of the Northwest have not yet been adjusted.

THERE were further heavy frosts in Pensacola last week, and the last of the refugees are returning.

REAR-ADMIRAL WYMAN, United States Navy, died in Washington, on the 2d instant, from paralysis.

THE indications are that the Minnesota Legislature will re-elect Mr. Windom to the United States Senate.

THE Territory of Dakota will again apply, at the coming session of Congress, for admission to the Union as a State.

A WHOLESALE prosecution of liquor-dealers, who have violated the Sunday law is about to be commenced in Newburg, New York.

THE Vermont Senate, before its final adjournment last week, killed a Bill making the enforcement of the liquor law more stringent.

SAMUEL L. BRUSH, the last descendant of Uncas, the great Mohican chieftain, was buried at Norwich, Conn., on the 30th ultimo.

MR. CLEVELAND, Governor-elect of New York, has declined an escort at his inauguration. He is desirous that there should be as little ceremony as possible.

THE Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company's steel mills at Scranton, Pa., have shut down for an indefinite period, throwing over 1,000 men out of employment.

HAMILTON D. NORTON, a clerk in the Post Office Department, has been removed upon the recommendation of Attorney General Brewster for his actions in the Star Route cases.

THE annual report of the Treasurer of the United States shows a total increase in the net revenue for the year of \$42,942,957, and a decrease of \$2,731,447 in the net expenditures.

THE Bishop of Montreal has ordered that families and young men in his diocese pay, respectively, \$2 and \$1 annually towards the extinction of the debt on the Church of Notre Dame.

THE Kentucky public elevator, owned and operated by a stock company of Louisville, and the first of the kind erected there, was opened last week. Its capacity is 500,000 bushels.

COLONEL CLAYTON McMICHAE, editor of the Philadelphia North American, has been appointed United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and entered on his duties on Monday last.

THE last of the races between W. G. George, the English pedestrian, and L. E. Meyers, the American, took place last week, and resulted in a victory for the Englishman, after a sharp contest.

THE net reduction of the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, during the month of November, was \$5,534,142. The total reduction since the opening of the fiscal year has been \$65,957,561.

THE Treasurer of the United States reports the coinage of silver dollars under the Bland Law at \$128,328,980, of which twenty-seven and a half per cent. is in circulation, and \$93,005,382 remains in the vaults.

DURING a performance in a Cincinnati theatre on Thanksgiving Day, Frank Frayne, in attempting to shoot the apple from the head of Miss Annie Von Behren, shot her in the forehead. She expired in a few minutes.

A MONUMENT to the Confederate dead was unveiled on Thanksgiving Day in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., in the presence of an immense gathering, estimated at 15,000 persons. Senator Butler delivered the oration.

THIRTEEN election officers in New Orleans have been indicted for fraud. In every polling precinct so far investigated, traces of illegality have been discovered. Eight members of the Common Council are already known to hold their seats through fraud.

THE report of Comptroller Knox estimates the gain in gold coin since resumption at \$258,000,000. The number of national banks has increased 171 during the current year, and 382 State banks and private bankers have commenced business.

MR. S. W. DORSEY has published a long statement explaining his connection with the Star Route contracts. He says his innocence is known to all the prosecution, including the President, and charges that Marshal Henry was removed in order that the next jury may be "packed."

THE President has received a communication from Professor E. Stone Wiggins, LL.D., astronomer of the Canadian Finance Department, announcing that a storm of extraordinary violence will occur next March, and advising him to order all United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March till this storm be passed.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PLATT, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions, gives it as his opinion that \$150,000,000 will be required for the payment of pensions in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1884. It is difficult to see how it will be possible, if this estimate is correct, to make any wholesale reduction of internal revenue taxes.

THE report of Commissioner Raum states that the collections of internal revenue for the current year will not fall below \$145,000,000, and that if the present rate of paying the public debt be continued all the bonds subject to call will be paid within three years. He recommends the repeal of taxes on sugar, matches, patent medicines, bank checks, national and savings bank deposits and capital, amounting to over \$73,000,000.

## Foreign.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury died on the 3d instant, aged seventy-one years.

INSTRUCTIONS have been given by the British Government for the restoration of King Cetewayo as early as possible.

AN ordinance of the German Bundesrath prohibits the importation from America of pigs, pork, bacon and sausages of all kinds.

THE latest London dispatches indicate that Anthony Trollope's recovery from his recent prostration is no longer probable.

THE Municipal Bank of Skopin, in the Province of Riazan, Russia, has failed for over \$60,000,000, ruining the whole town, as well as hundreds of families elsewhere.

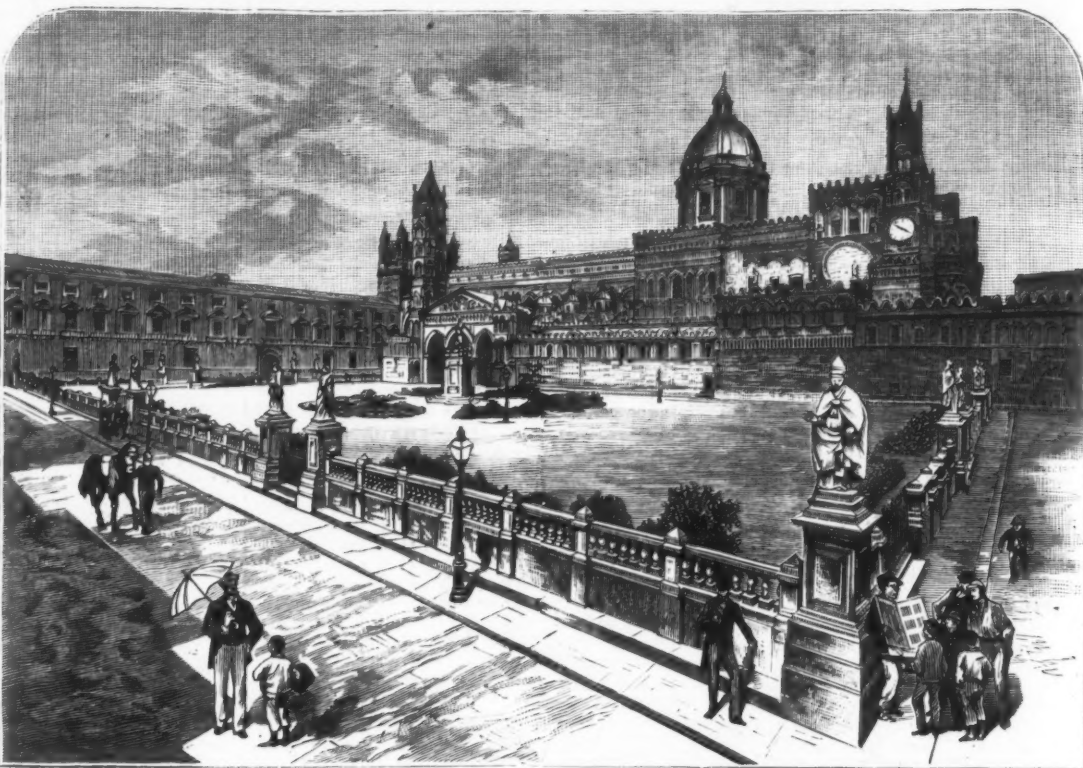
CAPTAIN BELKNAP, of the United States steamer Alaska, has received from King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands the insignia diploma as Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Kamehameha in recognition of his services on the 12th of February, 1874, when in command of the Tuzacorora. On that occasion, in company with Captain Skerrett, of the Portsmouth, and a force of marines from both vessels, he suppressed a riot which threatened the life of the King and destruction of property.



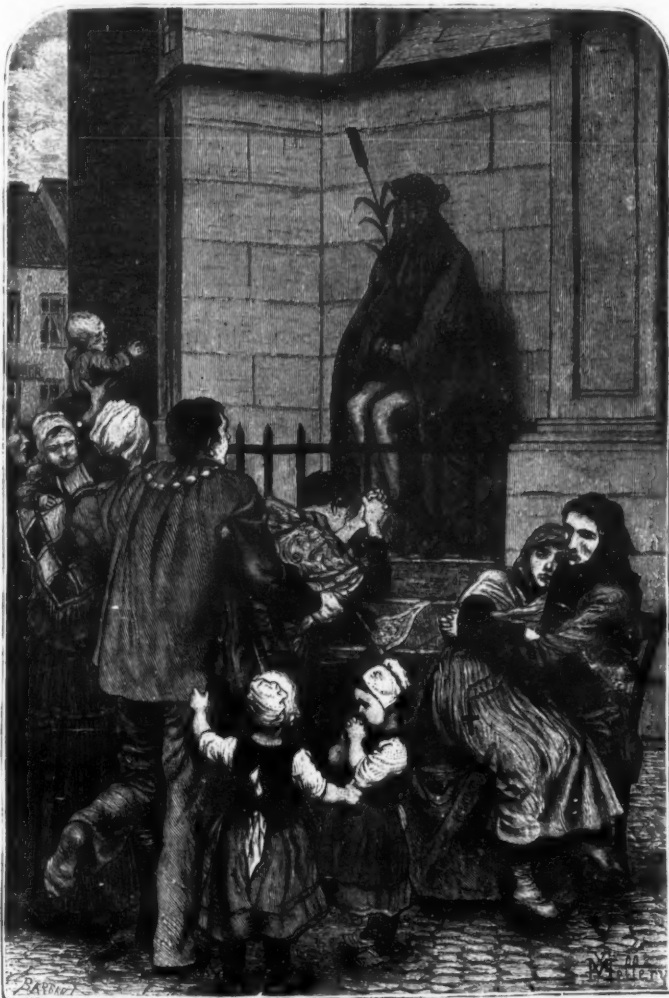
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 247.



GERMANY.—THE STREET OF THE HOLY GHOST, IN DANTZIG.



SICILY.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.



BELGIUM.—PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF HAL.



CHINA.—THE NATIVE METHOD OF CROSSING THE RIVER YRE-GOL.

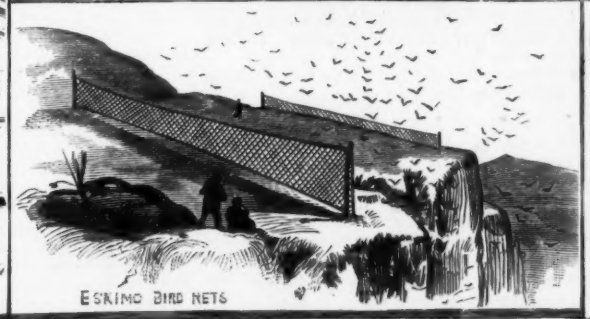
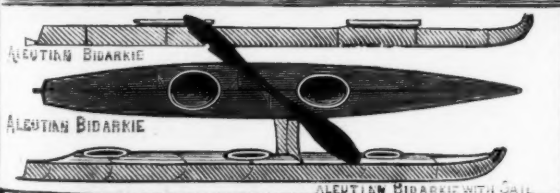
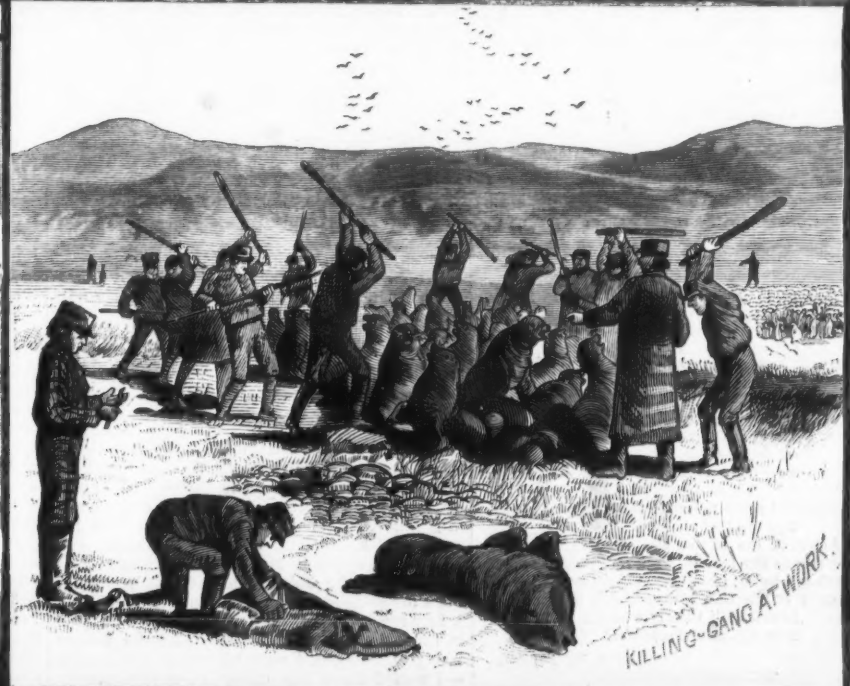
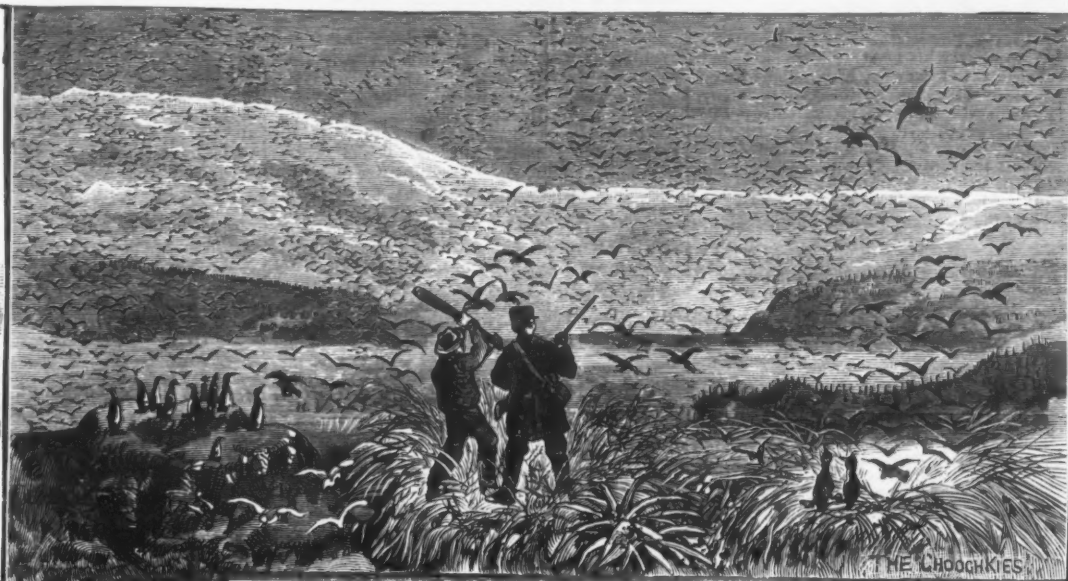


CAUCASIA.—ELEVATED STOREHOUSES FOR MAIZE AT SABERIA.



ITALY.—THE TOWN OF TORNO, ON THE LAKE OF COMO.





THE SEAL INDUSTRY.—METHODS OF CAPTURING AND KILLING SEALS IN THE BEHRING SEA.  
FROM SKETCHES AT ST. PAUL AND ST. LAWRENCE ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 247.



## AT GATCHINA.

HE sits in his palace, a monarch uncrowned,  
And over his head  
The naked sword hangs by a tremulous hair,  
And the Bear of the North crouches low in his lair,  
Though his cordon of Cossacks encompass him there,  
And the whole air is filled with the sound  
Of the sentinels' tread  
In a vigilance dread.

The flood of the Neva runs sullen and cold—  
It mutters and moans  
Of thunderbolts, waiting to leap at the mark,  
Of red-handed murder that strikes in the dark,  
Of a people that seethe and grow bold—  
Of a world full of groans  
And of tottering thrones!

He walks on volcanoes. Without and within,  
And near and afar,  
The stealthy foe lurks—treason sits at his board,  
Whets the point of the lance and the blade of the sword—  
At his gates, and he trembles and utters no word:  
For cowardly the blood runs, and thin,  
'Neath order and star,  
In the heart of the Czar.

Strong are his walls, and his guardsmen are strong,  
But mocking their might,  
The ghosts of dead despots—the pale, murdered  
Czars—  
Troop into his chamber through bolts and  
through bars,  
Past sentries and Cossacks they throng  
On his shuddering sight  
In the grim wastes of night.

What peasant so wretched? What serf 'neath the  
sun  
Would stand in his stead?  
He shakes at his own shadow cast on the floors,  
At the mouse in the wainscot, the wind at the  
doors,  
The crown of his fathers he dare not put on—  
With blood foully shed,  
All its splendor is red.

Oh, groans from white leagues of Siberian snow!  
Oh, curses and cries  
Cast up, like a hell-blast, from dungeon and  
mine!  
Oh, black bread of hovel and hut, steeped in  
brine  
Of bitterest tears! Oh, the wrongs and the woe  
Of this people, whose sighs  
Sweep up to the skies!

The whirlwind must follow in God's righteous plan,  
The seed of the wind.  
Who soweth the one, of the other shall reap.  
Shut fast in thy palace, where fear killeth sleep,  
And death hides, like lightning all ready to leap,  
White Czar of the North, thyself but a man,  
Learn with humbler mind  
The rights of mankind!

ETTA W. PIERCE.

## OLD THINGS AND NEW.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"DO come in, Nathan—come, come!"  
"Presently, Nelly, presently; not  
now."

"But why?—why won't you come, Nathan?  
I'm tired of waiting?"  
"Why?—why?" The young idler, lifting  
himself on one elbow, leaning on the crisp  
grass, pushed the clustered locks of wavy  
brown hair back from his forehead, the better  
to see the page from which he wished to read.  
"Why don't I come? Dear heart of my lov-  
ing, listen to this: 'He lieth under wild  
lotuses in the covert of the reeds and fens;  
wild lotuses cover him with their shadows;  
willows of the brook compass him about.'  
Now, does not that exquisitely describe my  
surroundings?" Nathan pushed the book  
aside, and fell backward, his brown head on  
his clasped hands. "How can you ask me to  
go fustily indoors?"

"Fustily!" Nelly's tone was showing irri-  
tation. "I don't ask you to do that. You  
might come in and amuse me. You are doing  
nothing."

"Nothing, nothing!" A slight countenance  
to his broad, fair brows. "I am doing nothing,  
still I dream. Nell, dear heart, let me dream  
—yet a little longer let me dream."

Nelly did not answer; she turned rather  
drearly away, and as she stood drawing the  
long, slim branch of a plum-tree towards her,  
with a slight shake she sent the dry, frost-  
bitten leaves in a shower like a rain of orange  
and crimson wings down fluttering to the  
ground.

"Ah," cried out young Nathan Lawrence,  
who had been curiously watching her; he  
spoke with mocking emphasis—"It's done,  
and it can't be undone, Nelly."

He began to hum "We brought the Summer  
with us."  
Nelly stood stupidly staring at the leaves.  
"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. The  
poor bare branch! I've robbed it." Then she  
glanced at Nathan. "They are like your  
dreams, these leaves. They are prettily col-  
ored, but they will die now they are scattered;  
they can't be put back on the tree again."

And so she turned and left him lying there,  
while she went indoors and took up her work.  
"Perhaps I ought to work, too," he said,  
unwillingly, his brown eyes glancing upwards  
through the leaves. "Work! I hate it—I  
hate it!"

The poor boy pulled a bunch of mignonette,  
holding it close to his mouth. His lips trem-  
bled with an exquisite delight.  
"Why did God make everything so beauti-  
ful?" he said, in a loud whisper, fiercely.  
He shivered, while his face grew pale.

If he was a dreamer, born out of his due time  
and place, Nelly's salt words had not made his  
dreams more sweet.  
Still, when he went indoors, something of his  
passion gone, Nelly met him with a smile. She

held in one hand a half-folded note towards  
him.

"Did you forget?" she asked. "This is the  
evening we were to go up to Mrs. Terriss's. You  
know we were invited."

"Oh, yes," he answered, a little vaguely.  
He had a bewildered air—something of the  
Autumn afternoon mist seemed to have got  
entangled and meshed about his brain.

"Well," said Nelly, sharply, "are you in a  
dream? But"—her voice fell a little—"if  
you don't care to go I can go with Susie Alla-  
ton; she is going with her brother Henry. She  
wrote they would call for me."

"No, no!" cried Nathan, waking up. "I  
shall like it of all things. I will take you.  
Don't think of troubling Susie!"

"It will be no trouble," the young girl in-  
terrupted, sharply. But now Nathan had  
turned aside and was gazing with vague, far-  
seeing eyes out of the open window. "How  
dull you are!" she continued, angrily. "I  
know it will be tiresome—you don't want to  
go?"

Nathan turned and gently took one of her  
little hands in his own strong, brown ones.  
"Was I dull?" he asked, gently. "Forgive  
me. I believe I have been a little out of  
humor all day, but I will try to get into a  
brighter mood for this evening."

Nelly did not speak immediately. She was  
vexed enough to say something still more bit-  
ter, but she was not quite prepared to lose  
that delicate homage of his which she was so  
proud of; and she knew that his temper,  
though fine, was not easily bent. It was pure  
steel, and cut straight through when the blow  
fell.

"Well, then," she said, breaking into a  
smile, "you must give Thomas his orders  
about the carriage; and please be ready in  
time. Don't go a-dreaming again." She  
nodded at him as she moved away towards  
the stairs, then she stopped. "Mamma is in  
the dining-room; she will give you some sup-  
per. And did she tell you she had a letter  
from Uncle Lawrence this afternoon? He will  
be here to-morrow."

Nathan's face grew slightly paler, and there  
was a just perceptible shiver through his  
frame as he glanced away from Nelly's in-  
quiring eyes.

"Mamma thinks from what he writes he  
wants you to go back to the city with him to  
the office—to take charge of the business. He  
is getting too old, he writes." Nathan frowned,  
bending his dark look to the floor. "You will  
go, won't you, Nathan?" and now Nelly's voice  
was imploring as she put a soft hand on his  
arm. "Oh, Nathan, do!—for my sake, go!  
Don't anger him! Don't give up wealth and  
power and the old, old name that has been  
ours for so long, just for a whim. I, too, am  
a Lawrence. I have a pride in the old name—in  
the old trading business. If I were a man  
like you, Nathan, I would be master of a ship  
—I would show my colors in every foreign  
port!"

She looked handsome enough as she said this.  
Her cheeks glowed with proud fire, her eyes  
flashed with a strong, triumphant light; her  
ringing tones might have led a troop to eager  
battle.

Nathan laughed, a sad enough mirth, as he  
looked at her, admiring her intense spirit.  
"God knows I wish you could do it, dear  
Nelly. I wish you could take my place. You  
would fill it better than I do, and as he wishes.  
But wait—wait, now, till to-morrow."

He left her standing there and went up to  
his own room. He turned the keys in the  
doors, and then went to the window. It looked  
to the east, and he flung it wide open.

Out beyond there the land rose, swelling  
gently upward in a long, green slope; and  
beyond it was the sea. Beyond that green and  
smiling sweetness, the cruel, deep heart of  
the sea. Did he not know? Ships were  
going up and down it, even now, and soft eyes  
on the land were wet with watching tears—  
trading-ships, merchantmen, fruit-brigs com-  
ing from tropic ports, about their timbers  
clinging strong, spicy smells, brought from a  
torrid South, through changeable scenes under  
unchanging skies.

Hot tears rose to his eyes. All his sweet  
and strong young life was shaken to its centre  
by its sense of intense loathing.

"You killed my mother," he sobbed, "and  
now you would take me."

In a tremor of passion he spat outward to  
where the sea swept on, not caring. For all  
his earliest memories had been of a slim, white  
young mother, who had died talking of the  
sea and the chill North. One bright Summer  
she had whispered of it to him—her baby;  
one Summer when her husband took her with  
him, and she had seen a land where all was  
warm light. Flowers shone red and blue and  
gold in the sun. Fruit ripened, vines swung,  
and young boys and girls danced to long tunes  
of flute and violin. This one glimpse of sun  
and sweetness the young mother had been  
given before she died in the cold North—hating  
the sea—hating it!

And her boy had breathed her life.  
"Oh, I hate you," he cried, stretching out  
his hands. "I hate you! Mother! mother!  
Yes, I remember. It took your life. It shall  
not take mine."

And then he heard his cousin's voice calling  
him, and asking him if he was ready.

The house to which the two young people  
had been bidden that evening, and where they  
arrived at rather a late hour, was an ancient  
brown wooden building—long and low, and  
rambling, but still firm, and holding a gracious  
air through many changes of many years. It  
was age, with youth for ever in its heart.

To-night the rooms were brilliant. Young  
lads and lassies gave it the charm of warm-  
hued life. Music lent, too, its charm, and  
the light footsteps down the parlors flew.  
But Nathan, rather exhausted by what he had  
gone through, was in no mood for dancing.

He felt his force giving way as, late in the  
evening, he strolled out in the piazza, out of  
sight and sound of those within.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is perfect."

There was a harvest moon, and all the earth  
was flooded with clear light. The garden was  
like fairyland. Great sheaves of lilies stood  
on the high garden banks. Sunflowers drooped  
their golden heads. The air was dream-like,  
heavy-weighted with winy odors.

He flung his clasped hands upwards above  
his tired head as he leaned back, and then,  
just as he sank down restfully, something in  
the night stirred near him.

What was it? He turned quickly and saw  
near him—what was it? A statue? No, a  
young girl, surely, so still, so white, so beauti-  
ful. A statue! Hebe, Psyche?

Suddenly it stirred. "It is only I," said a  
clear, sweet voice. "Don't be frightened!"

Only I! Nathan stood up and walked a step  
forward. Only I! a young girl, not a statue;  
not Hebe nor Persephone carved in shapely  
stone—but something human, warm and sweet.

The girl smiled in the moonlight on him as  
he drew near.

"It is only I, Nona Terriss; don't you know  
me, or were you lost in a dream?"

"I thought it was something in marble, you  
were so white in the moonlight," said Nathan,  
gently; and then he added, looking more  
closely at her, "I don't think you've been long  
out of the stone. You've got a chilly look!"

"Do you like the moonlight?" she asked, a  
little time after, taking up the theme again.  
"I can show you something far more beauti-  
ful, if you will come with me."

She turned aside to another door, and he fol-  
lowed her silently up a flight of stairs, on  
through passages till she opened another door  
and glanced over her shoulder at him.

Till now she had been silent; he too. Was  
it all a dream? Was this something alive and  
smiling come out of marble that was leading  
him on. Psyche? Persephone with golden  
hair all odoriferous of daffodils, and whither were  
they bound?

She opened a door and smiled on him.

"Look!" she said, pointing.  
A long room, the ceiling low, the windows  
long and wide, looking out towards the sea;  
he saw, too, a great deal of carved work in  
the wood, vine and leaf and fruit; nothing  
else—nothing else except the sea.

The two young creatures walked forward  
and stood there together, silent in that white  
flood of light.

"It is beautiful as a dream can be," said  
Nathan, stretching out his hand to it.

"This room was built by a man who had  
lost his wife," explained Nona. "She was  
lost at sea, it was supposed. She had taken  
passage in a trading-vessel from some South-  
ern port. Her husband loved her, and he had  
this room built that he might sit here and  
look out over the sea and watch for her  
coming home. He thought she would come,  
some time."

"Some time!" Nathan shivered and moved  
away from where he stood in the light.

The girl laughed. "You do not like the  
sea?" she asked, turning on him her mocking,  
deep blue eyes.

"No; I hate it," answered Nathan.

"Well, we must go!" She glided along, trail-  
ing her hand on the carved wood as she went.  
Suddenly she stopped, and taking down an old  
stringed instrument of music from its place on  
the wall, flung the faded ribbon over her neck  
and began with soft touch to thrum the chords.

"It belonged to the woman who was lost at  
sea," she said, looking at Nathan. "Is it not  
like something dead itself. Hark! it has a  
dead voice—it comes out of the past—a voice  
covered with moth and dust, and far away."

"Don't!" cried out Nathan, shuddering.

She only laughed, and went on thrumming  
the hoarse, forgotten strings of melody. He  
watched her; this was what his mother had  
been—white, strange, lonely. Shivering in the  
cold Northern lands, while the winds moaned  
and the pines creaked, she had dreamed of  
Southern suns and red flowers glowing, where  
crystal drops of water fell through silver pipes  
on turf golden with honey-bloom. The snow  
had heaped high the wooden roof over her  
head while she pined for sugared fruits, for  
almond-tinctured wine. And those dreams  
that went before his birth made now the  
greater part of his strong, brave-hearted,  
sweet man-life.

"Did the wife who was loved so well ever  
come back?" he asked, suddenly, forgetting  
what had been told him about that.

"Never; she was never heard of again."

"And did he die—the husband who watched  
for her?"

"I don't know—that was never said," an-  
swered Nona. She put the lute away. "I  
suppose he did—in time," she added, care-  
lessly. Then she turned on him sharply:  
"Would you have died if you had been in his  
place?"

"Yes," he said, speaking in a deep voice  
and in a pallid excitement. "I would have  
died! It would have been base to live."

He followed her silently down the stairs  
back to the parlors. He could have scarcely  
given good reason for it, but he felt now that  
more than ever he loathed the sea.

The next day at a late hour Nathan left his  
aunt's house, walking, he scarcely knew it, at  
a swift pace towards the sea. The sun was  
just sinking down out of sight below the  
western trees, and the earth was a blaze of  
brilliant color. In his haste he scarcely saw;  
perhaps, too, some hot tears veiled his eyes.  
For he had seen his uncle! They had met,  
and there had been a clash of wills, and now  
there was anger where the love of kin had  
been betwixt the two.

The younger man had held his own, but he  
was tired now; the fiercer fire in his blood had  
gone out, leaving only a pallid flame flickering  
over dull gray ashes. For the old man had  
been hard to resist.

"We are the last of the Lawrences," he had  
said, beseechingly. "We two—I with my  
gray hair, you with your young brown locks.  
I can't hold my own much longer. I need  
you."

Then, seeing perhaps the shrinking in Na-  
than's sensitive face, he put a loving hand on  
the young man's shoulder.

"It's a place of long inheritance waits for  
you, boy. There was no stancher Lawrence  
among us than your father. He would take a  
ship into any foreign port, and bring home  
rare merchandise. He died and left you early  
to my care. I have tried to do my duty by  
you. You've had your liberty, and the best  
teaching the schools can give. It's only now,  
when I am breaking, that I ask you to come."

He stopped, his voice shaking.

"Come, boy," he said.

There was an audible sob as Nathan put his  
hand over his eyes; but for all the piercing  
sorrow, while he felt the disappointment he  
was giving, his will was not less firm.

"I can't," he said. "It's no use taking it  
up. I should only fail."

Then Nelly had flung her taunt at him.  
"A Lawrence!" she cried. "You're no  
Lawrence. You are a changeling, weak and  
worthless. The Lawrences have been strong  
New England men, doing their duty always,  
not afraid of the sea or the storm. Take me  
with you, uncle. I'll make a better man than  
he; I'll help you."

"Ay, Nelly, I believe you. A better man—  
a better man!"

He had taken her hand as she turned to  
him, but he held it loosely, while his eyes were  
fixed mournfully on the boy he had loved—  
this boy, the last Lawrence.

Well, it was over; but those bitter words  
rapp in Nathan's ear as he now walked swiftly  
on—on, he scarcely knew whither. A great  
gray bird rose up from the glen, and flapping  
its huge, wide wings, soared upwards, on and  
up, circling round and round till lost in the  
deep dusk-gray of the sky. Was it an eagle,  
Nathan thought, while he watched it. Well, he  
would never be an eagle. He could not soar  
so high as that, with the hot sun in his eyes.  
His place was lower down, in nooks where  
the squirrel ran and cracked his sweet wood-  
nuts.

"Would you like to follow?" was spoken  
suddenly near him.

He had heard no footstep, had been con-  
scious of no human presence near him; but he  
knew this voice, and knew right well who was  
the speaker before he turned and saw the slim  
girl-figure, wrapped in wide gray folds of  
furry cloth, standing there close by.

Their eyes met, and Nathan felt the restless  
stir in him abating. From the pair of soft  
blue eyes he took a meed of restful hope; the  
calm of grave confession fell upon him.

"No, my flight is not so high as that," he  
answered, sadly. "I shall never soar."

Nona, gravely smiling, glanced backward,  
where a line of water lay.

"I was restless to-day," she said. "Do you  
know, the voice of that old dead instrument  
that I took from off the wall last night is  
haunting me. See?" She took the time-worn  
lute from under her cloak. "I brought it  
out here to see if it would be still. Maybe  
it has lost its dead airs in another life than  
this."

She smiled, grotesquely clanging the chords.  
"But you—why are you out here by the  
sea?" she asked him.

Nathan caught at the chance. "I don't  
know. I think I am lost," he replied; and  
then in another moment he was telling her his  
story.

She listened eagerly, her blue eyes glowing  
with a strange light under the falling brim of  
her plumed hat.

"Do you think I have done wrong?" he  
asked humbly, as he finished.

"Wrong? No, never that!" The hot blood  
rose in her cheeks. "You have done well.  
There is no merit in taking up your life's work  
at another's bidding. The only merit is in  
doing the work that is in you, in doing the  
best—doing it well." Her clear voice had an  
inspired ring. Nathan looked at her flushed  
face through a sheen of wistful tears.

"If Nelly had spoken like that; but she was  
hard, she taunted me. I am no Lawrence, not  
of the old brave New England stock. Strong  
men, bold men."

Nona's lip curled.

"Those trading men! Nay, I meant not to  
slur. They were good men, but times have  
changed. Men are strong now in another  
way: men, ay, and women, too, rule with  
softer hand. There is nobler love than their  
rank love of gold."

She rose, stretching her arms upwards. A  
pale fire seemed to breathe from her slim,  
flower-like shape. Nathan, too, rose and stood  
silent, looking at her.

"You have given up everything?" she asked.

"All; the only thing left me is that." He  
made a slight gesture with his hand, indicat-  
ing the homestead yonder where his aunt and  
Nelly dwelt. "That is mine; no Lawrence  
left it to me, either—it was my mother's  
home." He drew a roll of papers from his  
pocket and unfolded them before her. "This  
is my life henceforth," he said, and then added,  
bitterly: "They would call it poor stuff."

Tears flashed in Nona's eyes.

"How can they say that? Is not this the  
most of life? What have the dead nations left  
us but this? Some gold and silver work, a  
statue, a picture, some strain of immortal  
music. All else in time is dead; the kings die,  
but the artist shall live for ever."

"Will you give me the lute?" he asked her,  
afterwards, as they parted.

She handed it to him without a word, but  
her sweet mouth trembled.

"If I live I will come back and bring it to  
you," he said, as he took it. "I shall not go  
back to them"—he glanced down the valley—  
"my path lies far away; but if I live, if  
succeed, I shall bring back the lute to you."



"You will succeed," said Nona, proudly. She gave him her hand in a last good-by. "I shall wait for you in the old room looking out over the sea—where he waited."

"Ay," said the old man Lawrence, when he heard whether this new path led. "A fiddler's trick of song, taught at the street-corner. In the old days when the Lawrences wanted entertainment, they bid the jester to their table—below the salt. But that's over, is it? We'll play the clown's part, now, and come and go to order. But no, no—he's no Lawrence, Nelly. Nelly, my man, he's no Lawrence!"

Let us forgive him. If his words were bitter, his disappointment was bitter, too. The wound hurt deep; moreover, there was no glow of golden faith or roseate joy streaming from his eyes forward on the path Nathan had chosen; it looked a downward path to him because he was not of those who know.

A decade of years slipped by, and now one day, in the streets of a Northern city, a bowed, gray-headed, old man walked, leaning on the arm of a beautiful and stately woman. They stopped near the steps leading up to a gray stone building; inside a brilliant crowd of cultured men and women awaited, breathless, pale, borne up the heights of keenest feeling on waves of splendid melody; and these two standing there heard.

"Come away, Nelly," said the old man, testily; but the woman lingered.

"How beautiful it is," she murmured; "and he is so great, now; a great man—a great name—"

The old man frowned in anger. "Great, great! A mountebank's child of greatness. We want naught of such greatness. Come!"

But that night, when Nelly was leaving her uncle to sleep, he detained her.

"You said he was great, Nelly?"

"Yes," she replied, doubtful of what he wished her to say.

"And he is well—he is happy?"

"He seems so—he has had great success; his music is sung everywhere! It is said he received many honors abroad. King Umberto crowned him—"

"Pish, pish!" The old man moved restlessly. "Once we Lawrences were kings and crowned our faithful servants instead of kneeling to be crowned. But—you say there is a child, a boy."

"Yes, a true Lawrence, a noble boy. Like his mother, too—beautiful."

"Ah, but he—Nathan—he did not ask of me?"

"Uncle, remember you disowned him, and he has pride—the old pride—"

"True—true! and he is a Lawrence—a Lawrence. We must remember the boy, Nelly! Of the old stock, you say? Thank God for that!"

He was silent a moment, thinking.

"So the strong mountain pine has brought forth this lily," he muttered; and then a tear fell on the thin hands clasped before him.

And Nathan and Nona? They were happy. The South had been kind to him. All the warm splendor of its suns was in his song; all the whiteness of the marble, too, was in it, as it had been in his life, and the clear tint of murmurous water leaping from silver pipes on odorless garden spaces, where the citron lifted golden balls, and where deep daffodils crowded, and the oleanders blew.

That night he brought out the lute.

"Dear wife," he said, "it is no longer a dead, dim-voiced voice. Hark! how it rings of the splendor of our to-day and our to-morrow! It rings like a clear-voiced bell of our success. Ours!—yours and mine—sweet wife!"

"And of our boy's, too, Nathan," Nona said.

"See, we are three in one to be happy."

"Three! three! Oh, thank God for that."

They clasped hands and stood so together—husband and wife and child! The Sacred Three in One!

#### A THRILLING SCENE.

A THRILLING incident marked a recent fire in an oil refinery at Greenpoint. The fire, which broke out in a large tank in the middle of the refinery, spread with terrible rapidity, speedily enveloping the whole building and spreading thence to the vessels moored at the adjacent docks. During the fire a tank-boat blew up with tremendous force, flinging a great fountain of burning oil into the air, mingled with masses of iron, heavy beams, bolts and sheets of boiler plate. A canal-boat was completely enveloped in the shower of blazing oil, the flames driving the captain, his wife and a deck-hand over the side, where they hung on to an iron railing and shouted for help. The sight of the woman and two men in such a fearful position struck the multitude of spectators dumb with horror, and nothing but the hoarse appeals of the men and the shrill screams of their weaker companion could be heard above the roar of the conflagration that swept overhead. The flames were licking the woman's hands and scorching her face and hair, but still she held bravely on. One hand was burned so badly that it fell to her side, but the other hand never lost its grip until a shout just behind the three victims apprised them that help was at hand. Then they dropped into the water. They were picked up immediately by two boatmen and rowed away just in time to save their lives. The loss by the fire amounted to about \$150,000.

#### THE SEAL INDUSTRY.

SEAL-FISHING has become a great industry, in which American capital is largely interested since the acquisition of Alaska opened the coasts of that Territory and the neighboring islands to American enterprise. The dwellers in Arctic regions have always placed great dependence upon the seal, from which the Eskimoes derive food, oil for light and warmth, skins for clothes, boots, utensils and boats, sinews for thread and lines, and membranes for undergarments and window coverings. Seal skins are of two kinds, hair skins and fur skins, although the former has a mixture of fur with the coarser hair. The fur-bearing seal is by far the more valuable, its skin always bringing a high price in the market. This variety is found

chiefly on the Bityloff Islands in Behring Sea, off the Alaska coast, the animals collecting in largest numbers on St. Paul and St. Lawrence Islands. This is a weird region of the earth. St. Lawrence Island presents the appearance of being several separate islands, as there are a number of lagoons, besides many fresh-water ponds. The deep fissures in the cliffs are filled from the water's edge with solid masses of snow even in midsummer, which is beautifully colored in many places by a reddish substance in the rock. The Eskimoes inhabitants, who live in queer huts grouped in four widely-spread villages, derive their subsistence in large measure from the capture of seals, in which long practice has made them most efficient. The "rookeries," as the haunts of the animals are called, begin to fill up towards the close of Spring, as they return from the warmer waters where they have passed the Winter, the adult males arriving in May, and the females in June, giving birth to their young soon after landing. The capture of the seals for their fur begins with their first landing on the islands, and continues till they begin shedding their fur in August or September, soon after which they leave their breeding-grounds and spread out over the North Pacific. The boats used by the hunters are made of seal-skins, stretched and sewn over a slight willow frame-work, and are from ten to fifteen feet in length. The natives go out in gangs, and having driven a body of the animals into close quarters, kill them by pounding them vigorously over the heads with stout clubs. The "rookeries" contain millions of seals when the season is at its height, and the cargoes of skins sent every Summer to San Francisco form no inconsiderable part of the city's commerce. The region where the seals are found, the native inhabitants, their methods of capturing the animals, and the manner in which those far-away people live, are all full of interest, and furnish material for a group of sketches on page 245 which will well repay study.

#### LADIES BOWLING—THE DECIDING SHOT.

THE fate of the match at tenpins is about to be decided. The last ball will determine the winner. The excitement is at fever heat. No one speaks. Critical eyes watch that portion of the alley in which the remaining pins still defiantly stand. Critical eyes are fastened upon the ball that is to carry destruction with it. The pose of each player is mentally commented on, and the nervous, firm grasp of the small white hands. Dozens of pairs of gloves of ever-so-many buttons are at stake. It is a moment of tension. Another second or two and the last balls will be furiously bowling along the alley. A click, click, click will be heard, followed by a succession of thuds, and one girl will cry, her bright eyes in a blaze of pleasure, "Oh, my!" while the other will bite her lips as the pang of defeat stings her heart. Which of these fascinating beauties is destined to win! Make your bets, gentlemen!

#### THE GARFIELD MONUMENT FAIR.

THE long talked-of fair in aid of the monument to President Garfield's memory, to be erected at Washington under the auspices of the Army of the Cumberland, was opened in the National Capitol on Saturday, November 25th, and continued during the whole of the following week. The great Rotunda of the vast building was naturally the centre of attraction. In the middle of the room stood a Gothic temple or pagoda, twelve feet in diameter and twenty-six feet in height, containing a colossal bust of the martyred President by Vinnie Ream-Hoxie, surrounded at the base with living plants, while over the head a stained-glass lamp was kept burning all the time. Around the walls were hung many works of art, including some of the most valuable paintings in the country, loaned for the purpose by their owners. Every inch of space on the walls to a height of twenty feet was covered with rare paintings from the private galleries of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, the *chef d'œuvre* being a full-length portrait of Queen Victoria loaned by the British Minister. The pictures were hung on a background of crimson cloth, and presented a bewildering spectacle of Gothic-shaped booths, filled with rare articles of *bric-a-brac* and *vervins*. The booths were ranged about the room in semi-circular form and divided from each other only in front. They were finished in red, and when filled with young and pretty ladies presented a most attractive spectacle. A number of the booths were prepared and furnished by Representatives of different States, the two occupied by Ohio being the largest. One of the most interesting displays was made by the Navy Department, including a number of relics from the ill-fated *Jeannette* and the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* in which the *Alabama* lodged a shell during their memorable battle off Cherbourg. A great curiosity was one of the first breech-loading cannons ever made, one of those old-time weapons which were calculated to do greater execution among its friends than to the enemy, bearing this inscription: "Spanish gun, cast in 1490, brought over and used by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico." The Life-saving Service and the Signal Service made full displays of everything appertaining to their operations. A fine local exhibition was made by merchants of the District of Columbia in the crypt, just beneath the Rotunda. The fair was opened with very simple ceremonies. Rev. Mr. Power, Garfield's old pastor, offered prayer, and then President Arthur made a brief address, after which the fair was declared open to the public. Monday was Army of the Cumberland and Veteran Day; Tuesday, school-children's day, with special exercises by pupils of the schools of the District of Columbia; Wednesday, Bicycle Day, with a grand meet and tournament; Thursday, Knights Templar Day, with a competitive drill and parade; Friday, Military Day, with a grand review and competitive drill; Saturday, District of Columbia Day, the whole closing with illumination, procession, etc. The fair drew a large attendance, and proved a successful enterprise.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### A Street in Dantzic.

The town of Dantzic ranks among the oldest in Germany, its history running back to the tenth century. It is surrounded by walls and bastions, and including its nine suburbs, has a circumference of more than twelve miles. It abounds in antique buildings of splendid and fantastic architecture, the most remarkable of which is the Rathaus, erected in the fourteenth century. In the older parts of the town the streets are narrow and winding, and the houses grotesque and odd in appearance. One of these streets—the Street of the Holy Ghost—is depicted in our illustration.

##### The Cathedral of Palermo.

The Cathedral of Palermo is one of the most striking structures of that charming and picturesque city. It is a Gothic structure of the twelfth century, to which a modern dome has been added; the interior is supported by eighty pillars of Oriental granite, and divided into chapels. This cathedral contains many masterpieces of art, among them those of Roger, the Norman founder of the Sicilian monarchy. The south porch is the most highly ornamented, and has a celebrated marble doorway exquisitely carved.

#### Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Hal.

The shrine of Hal is held in the highest veneration by the pious Belgians. The statue was rendered doubly sacred during the siege of the little town of Hal in the fifteenth century, when it was miraculously preserved through the interposition of the Virgin. As the bullets rained into the town, so the tradition goes, the Virgin received them in her robe, from whence they rolled to the earth without doing a particle of damage, a circumstance which disheartened the besiegers, who somewhat naturally expected the houses to fall to pieces like those built of cards. The bullets, at this writing, are piled up in the corners of the church in very respectable pyramids. Hal is not far from Quatre Bras, the scene of the bloody engagement that led up to King making Waterloo. The shrine is ever surrounded by pious pilgrims, who repair thither from all portions of Belgium, and here may be seen the bait, the blind, the lame, and sufferers from every ill the flesh is heir to.

#### Crossing the Yre-Gol River.

It is after the following fashion that the Mongols cross the rivers of the country. Two Mongols, naked as when they were born, enter the water and tow the raft towards the bank. The vehicle is then pushed on it, the wheels being in the water. The rowers pole up against the current, the poles being used on the bottom. They work with extraordinary dexterity, now shooting the raft into some favorable place, now resisting the velocity of the current with a strength that is scarcely possible to conceive, always calm, never disconcerted, always sure of themselves. They change their position very often, and a false step plunges them into the river. This, however, seldom or never occurs. When they succeed in reaching a certain portion of the river, they cause the raft to wheel round, and then, with the current, they steer it to the exact spot on the opposite shore at which they desire to make a landing. The cost of crossing to the adventurous traveler is about \$5.

#### Maize-barns in Caucasasia.

The village of Sabaria in the Caucasus is the centre of a great maize-growing country, the maize being kept in log buildings elevated from the soil in order to preserve a certain necessary humidity. They are approached by ladders and present a strange and unusual appearance. The people, rich and poor, subsist on boiled maize flour, a dish called by the Abkases *abouabasta*. If the grain is plentiful at Samourzakan or in Mingrelia, it is certain to be sparse at Abkasia; as a rule, however, it is generally cultivated. A meal with these hospitable people presents some unaccustomed features. The host was on his guests and never sits down, while his family stand round in silence. When the *abouabasta* is consumed, the family commence to drone out a quaint and not unusual song, and when the meal is over the host, in the most pompous and high sounding language, thanks his guest for the honor of his company, the family joining in the chorus.

#### Torno, on the Lake of Como.

There is something inexpressibly lovely about the Lake of Como, nestling as it does in dreamy mountains, dappled to their summits with coquetish villas peeping from out a mass of rich and luminous foliage. The town of Como itself is almost commonplace—reveling as it does in so many silk factories; but as the steamer carries the excited and rapturous traveler past Bellagio to Colico, the beauty of the towns that dip into the blue waters is unsurpassed. Among the most picturesque in Torno, a spot that a fairy prince and princess might select to pass their honeymoon. White marble terraces draped with blood-red flowers edge the lake; the streets are a series of broad steps; the houses, white to a dazzle, are capped with crimson tiles. Balconies overhanging the waters, while umbrageous trees fill up a picture that dwells for "ever and aye" in the mind's eye.

#### Facts of Interest.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW has in his laboratory at Berlin a collection of 6,000 skulls, representing all races and times.

ACCORDING to the census returns, the most illiterate population in the United States is that of New Mexico, where sixty per cent of the people are unable to read.

AN enormous bunch of grapes, carefully inclosed in a glass case, was shown through Michigan by a peddler, who had for sale sprouts from what he said was a vine of the same variety. The exhibit was at length discovered to be waxwork.

THE Baldwin Locomotive works in Philadelphia recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the first locomotive, "Old Ironsides," was tried. Since then 6,477 locomotives have been constructed, the present capacity of the works being ten engines per week.

DURING the first three months of the operation of the exclusion law 3,449 Chinese departed from San Francisco and only 169 arrived. The arrivals from both China and Japan during October were only 73, against 972 in October of last year.

THE Duke of Hamilton has received £30,000 from the German Government for his manuscripts. The crown jewel of the collection is the Dante, illustrated with nearly 100 drawings by Botticelli, and which is probably the most valuable manuscript in the world.

THE new permanent station for the Signal Service at Pike's Peak has at length been completed, as well as the construction of a telegraph line to connect the station at the summit of the mountain with the world below. The signal station is 14,000 feet above sea level, and 6,000 feet above Colorado Springs, and is constructed of granite laid in cement, to resist the furious storms of that locality.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., recently made the discovery that most of its city officers have been illegally elected ever since 1857. An amendment to the city charter was adopted at that time providing that these officials should be elected in April, whereas the elections have taken place in January. No harm has been done, however, and the illegally elected officers of the past quarter-century are not expected to return their salary.

AN English physician reports in a medical journal several cases where he believes that deafness owed its origin to a tardy or otherwise abnormal eruption of the wisdom teeth. That the teeth are often the unsuspected cause of deafness he infers, first, "from the intimate sympathy existing between the teeth and the ears, and the consequent very obvious prejudicial effect of infantile dentition upon these organs. And, secondly, from observing the number of cases of deafness met with that date their initiation from the period of life at which these teeth appear."

A MAN in Moore County, N. C., whose first wife was his father's second wife's sister, has capped the climax and further mixed the genealogical tree by wedding his son's wife's sister.

A MISSISSIPPI physician says the day is not far distant when cotton seed oil will have taken the place of lard the world over. He pronounces it much purer than lard and a great deal healthier.

A VINEYARD in the Mussel Slough country, California, produced this Autumn such an abundance that from two and a half acres of white muscat vines the owner sold six and a half tons of table grapes, or \$200 worth. He has also cured two hundred boxes of raisins, for which he will readily obtain \$2 to \$2.50 per box. An average of nearly \$300 per acre is the value of the yield of the season.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—AN agitation in favor of free trade has been begun in Spain.

—M. DE LIESSE now says that the Panama Canal will be finished by 1888.

—THERE is an alarming increase in mortality in St. Petersburg from epidemic diseases.

—THE wholesale price of coffee in New York is lower than has been known since the panic of 1857.

—IT is believed that Señor Sagasta will have a majority of 160 in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies.

—DURING the past season there has been sawed at the mills in the Ottawa (Canada) district 800,000,000 feet of lumber.

—THE municipal elections in Dublin resulted in the return of five Nationalists; two of whom were unopposed at the polls.

—MORE than 13,000 children have now subscribed to the Longfellow Memorial Fund, and the number is daily increasing.

—THE Madagascar Ambassadors in Paris have refused the ultimatum requiring Madagascar to recognize a French protectorate.

—A BILL is proposed in France giving all persons the right to leave testamentary instructions as to whether their bodies shall be buried or cremated.

—THE cost of the war in Egypt is estimated at \$17,000,000. England has incurred no pecuniary responsibility in connection with Arabi Pasha's trial.

—IN spite of the opposition of the Mormon Church, the mines of Utah are being rapidly developed, and mining is becoming the leading industry of the Territory.

—A CONTRACT has been let for the construction of another suspension bridge across Niagara River, below the Falls, for the use of the Canada Southern Road, to be completed next August.

—THE decision of the Swiss Federal Assembly requiring cantons to provide compulsory and adequate primary education, the schools to be under State control, has been annulled.

—LEADING citizens of Boston, appreciating the lack of storehouses for grain in filling orders for Europe, have determined to subscribe \$250,000 to erect the requisite buildings and purchase wheat and corn in large quantities.

—THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just given a decision to the effect that if a husband prosecutes his wife he must pay for her defense, but if she prosecutes him she cannot expect him to pay for his own prosecution.

—A SNOWY owl, or harfang, was recently shot near Scranton, Pa. This species of the owl is a native of the Arctic regions, and the scientists of Lehigh University say that its presence in this latitude is a sure indication of a hard Winter.

—DR. VAN VALZAR, an allopathic physician of Philadelphia, has been read out of the profession, because he committed a breach of propriety and consulted a homeopathic doctor about his own illness, and got well under the treatment prescribed.

—A JURY at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, awarded a newspaper publisher \$37 for his services towards securing a nomination for C. R. Breckinridge, Congressman-at-large-elect. The original claim was for \$250, which the honorable gentlemen deemed excessive.

—A TRAIN on the North Scotland Railroad fell through a bridge at Fyvie last week, and fourteen persons were killed; and the same day the French steamer *Camborne*, of Nantes, was sunk by collision in the Bristol Channel and fourteen persons were drowned.

—A CORPORATION has been formed in St. Paul, Minn., with a capital of \$10,000,000, for the development of vermilion ore lead on the northwest shore of Lake Superior. A railroad will be built from the mines to Duluth, or some other point on the lake where a good port may be formed.

—LARGE quantities of land are being purchased by Eastern parties in Breathitt and Rowan Counties, Ky. The white-oak timber which grows so luxuriantly in the mountains has been found to be adapted to ship-building, and steps are taking to meet the demand which is expected to arise for such material.

—THE crematory at Washington, Pa., which was first put in use six years ago, has served to reduce fifteen bodies to ashes, the last corpse placed in the furnace being that of L. Enbhart, an aged physician of Allegheny City, whose request to be cremated was complied with a few days ago.

—THE Indiana Supreme Court has reversed the decision legalizing the Vincennes Lottery, which has been operated for more than a year as a policy game, and has taken thousands of dollars from the pockets of credulous people. The offices in Indianapolis ceased to do business at once, and refunded the money to purchasers of tickets.

—THE Advanced Republicans of France, who already have civil marriages and civil funerals, are now beginning to practice civil baptism. A fortnight ago, at a village in the Indre-et-Loire, the Mayor officiated, and, pouring some white wine on the child's head, pronounced the words: "Pierre Victor, I baptize thee in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Vive la République!"

—THE Rhode Island Boundary Commissioners have demanded a change in the line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, which will give Rhode Island three hundred and forty acres more of domain. Twenty-one years ago a similar demand was made on Massachusetts for more territory, and a Yankee swap was effected, by which Rhode Island traded off the village of Fall River for the town of Pawtucket and a part of Seekonk, Rhode Island gaining acres by the trade, but losing population.

—AN opera house on wheels is the latest dramatic novelty, and a company, with headquarters at Kansas City, has been organized to build and manage it. It is to consist of eight railway cars which can be expanded by ingenious mechanism into a capacious structure, with auditorium and stage complete, and is designed for the benefit of communities which do not possess facilities for the production of plays. It will run from place to place on the railroads and carry a portable track upon which it can be switched off and transformed into a theatre.

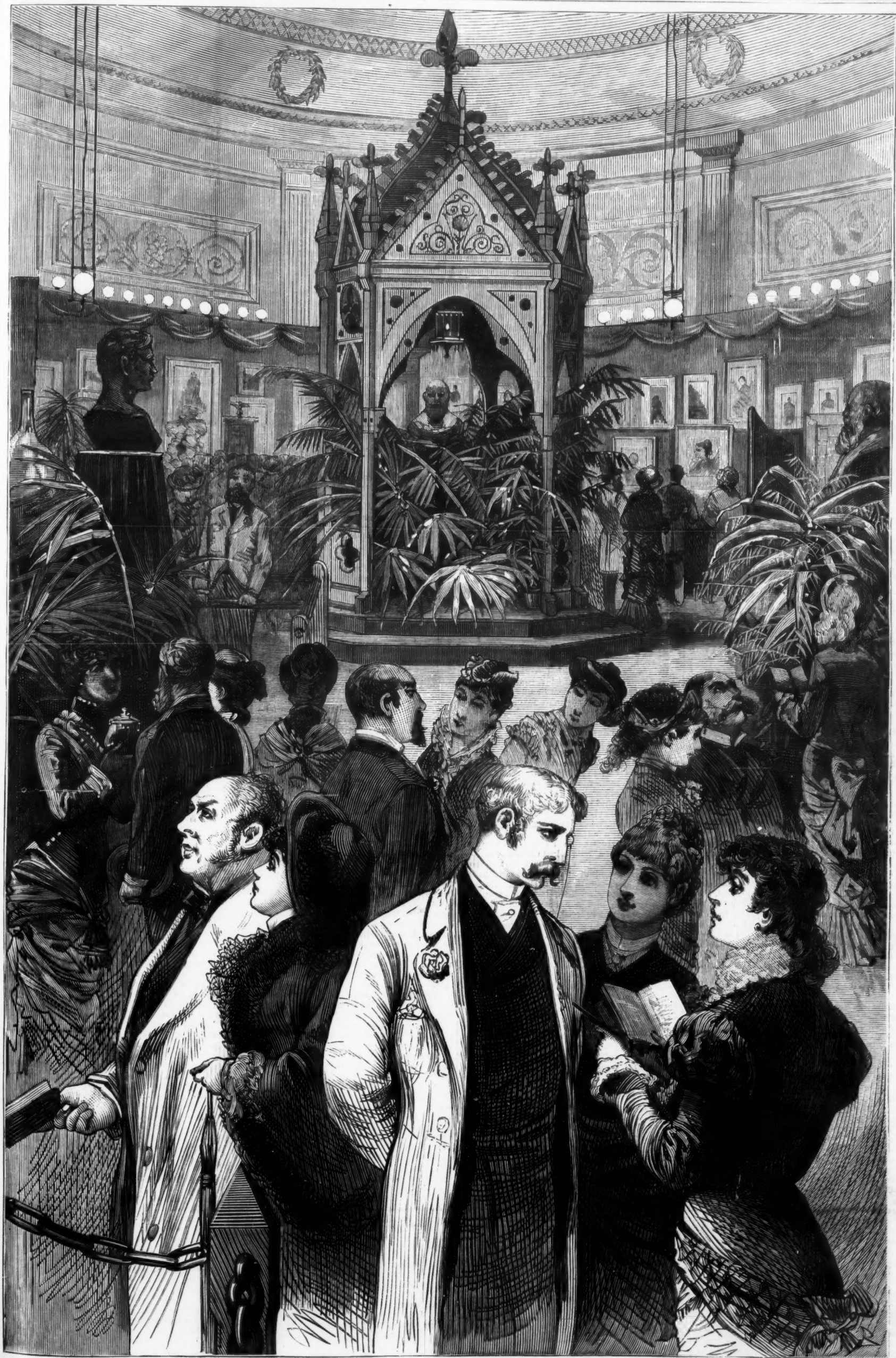
—THE opening of the railroad route through the St. Gothard tunnel makes Genoa the nearest and most available seaport for Switzerland. Genoa is only 423 kilometres from Lucerne, while Antwerp is 704, and Havre 851 kilometres. The subject is becoming of interest to American importers, by reason of the growing popularity in Switzerland of American meats, codfish, and canned goods. Mr. Mason, the United States Consul at Basle, believes that it would be possible to build up a profitable business between the two countries, by using the steamers between New York and Genoa.





BOWLING AS A FASHIONABLE LADIES' AMUSEMENT: THE DECIDING SHOT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 247.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE FAIR IN AID OF THE GARFIELD MONUMENT—SCENE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 247.



## BETWEEN TWO.

BETWEEN two loves my heart is tossed,  
Which shall it be—which shall it be?  
I sit and strive to count the cost—  
Him whom I love?—him who loves me?

Should I wed one I love the best,  
I would be slave of his least whim;  
(He, too, loves; but he has not guessed  
The depth of love I give to him.)

If I wed one who best loves me,  
Then am I queen, who Love commands;  
Yet I know not who is most free—  
The slave, or empress in Love's lands.

I think it is a woman's part  
To find more pleasure in the frown  
Of one she loves with all her heart,  
Than in a kingdom and a crown.

I think it is a woman's way  
To care more for the glance, or touch,  
Of one she worships, than to away  
Some heart that loves her over much.

So, as a woman, I decide—  
For good, for ill, for worse, for better,  
Love's crown I herewith cast aside,  
And reach my hands out for Love's fetter.

HEART AND SCIENCE:  
A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XL.

THE ordinary aspect of the schoolroom was seen no more.

Installed in a position of temporary authority, the parlor-maid sat silently at her needlework. Maria stood by the window, in the new character of an idle girl—with her handkerchief in her hand, and her everlasting book dropped unnoticed on the floor. Zoe lay flat on her back, on the hearth rug, hugging the dog in her arms. At intervals, she rolled herself over slowly from side to side, and stared at the ceiling with wondering eyes. Miss Minerva's departure had struck the parlor-maid dumb, and had petrified the pupils.

Maria broke the silence at last. "I wonder where Carmina is?" she said.

"In her room, most likely," the parlor-maid suggested.

"Had I better go and see after her?"

The cautious parlor-maid declined to offer advice. Maria's well-balanced mind was so completely unbent that she looked with languid curiosity at her sister. Zoe was still rolling slowly from one side to the other, trying, perhaps instinctively, to set the inert weight of thought in her moving in that manner. The dog on her breast, lulled by the regular motion, slept profoundly; not even troubled by a dream of fleas!

While Maria was still considering what it might be best to do, Carmina entered the room. She looked as the servant afterwards described it, "like a person who had lost her way." Maria exhibited the feeling of the schoolroom, by raising her handkerchief in solemn silence to her eyes. Without taking notice of this demonstration, Carmina approached the parlor-maid, and said, "Did you see Miss Minerva before she went away?"

"I took her message, miss."

"What message?"

"The message, saying she wished to see my mistress for a few minutes."

"Well?"

"Well, miss, I was told to show the governess into the library. She went down with her bonnet on, ready dressed to go out. Before she had been five minutes with my mistress, she came out again, and rang the hall-bell, and spoke to Joseph. 'My boxes are packed and directed,' she says; 'I will send for them in an hour's time. Good-day, Joseph.' And she stepped into the street, as quietly as if she was going out shopping round the corner."

"Have the boxes been sent for?"

"Yes, miss."

Carmina lifted her head, and spoke in steady tones.

"Where have they been taken to?"

"To the flower-shop at the back—to be kept till called for."

"No other address?"

"None."

The last faint hope of tracing Frances was at an end. Carmina turned wearily to leave the room. Zoe called to her from the hearth-rug. Always kind to the child, she retraced her steps. "What is it?" she asked.

Zoe got on her legs before she spoke, like a member of Parliament. "I've been thinking about that governess," she announced. "Didn't I once tell you I was going to run away? And wasn't it because of her? Hush! Here's the part of it I can't make out—she's run away from me. I don't bear malice; I'm only glad in myself. No more dirty nails. No more bread and water for tea. That's all. Good-morning." Zoe laid herself down again on the rug, and the dog laid himself down again on Zoe.

Carmina returned to her room—to reflect on what she had heard from the parlor-maid.

It was now plain that Mrs. Gallilee had not been allowed the opportunity of dismissing her governess at a moment's notice; Miss Minerva's sudden departure was unquestionably due to Miss Minerva herself. Thus far, Carmina was able to think clearly—and no further. The confused sense of helpless distress which she had felt, after reading the few farewell words that Frances had addressed to her, still oppressed her mind. There were moments when she vaguely understood and bitterly lamented the motives which had animated her unhappy friend. Other moments followed when she impulsively resented the act

which had thrown her on her own resources at the very time when she had most needed the encouragement that could be afforded by the sympathy of a firmer nature than her own. She began to doubt the steadiness of her resolution—without Frances to take leave of her on the morning of the escape. For the first time, she was now tortured by distrust of Ovid's reception of her; by dread of his possible disapproval of her boldness; by morbid suspicion even of her taking his mother's part. Bewildered and reckless, she threw herself on the sofa—her heart embittered against Frances—indifferent whether she lived or died.

At dinner-time she sent a message, begging to be excused from appearing at the table. Mrs. Gallilee at once presented herself, harder and colder than ever, to inspect the invalid. Perceiving no immediate necessity for summoning Mr. Null, she said, "Ring if you want anything," and left the room.

Mr. Gallilee followed, after an interval, with a little surreptitious offering of wine (hidden under his coat); and with a selection of tarts crammed into his pocket. "Smuggled goods, my dear," he whispered, "picked up when nobody happened to be looking my way. When we are miserable, Carmina, it's a sign from kind Providence that we are intended to eat and drink. The sherry's old, and the pastry melts in your mouth. Shall I stay with you? You would rather not? Just my feeling! Remarkable similarity in our opinions—don't you think so yourself? I'm sorry for poor Miss Minerva. Suppose you go to bed?"

Carmina was in no mood to profit by this excellent advice. She was walking restlessly up and down her room when the time came for shutting up the house. With the sound of closing locks and bolts, there was suddenly mingled a sharp ring, at the bell, followed by another unexpected event. Mr. Gallilee paid her a second visit—in a state of transformation. His fat face was flushed; he positively looked as if he was capable of feeling strong emotion, unconnected with champagne and the club! He presented a telegram to Carmina, and when he spoke there were thrills of agitation in the tones of his piping voice.

"My dear, something very unpleasant has happened. I met Joseph taking this to my wife. Highly improper, in my opinion—what do you say yourself?—to take it to Mrs. Gallilee, when it's addressed to you. It was no mistake; he was so impudent as to say he had his orders. I have reproved Joseph." Mr. Gallilee looked astonished at himself when he made this latter statement, then relapsed into his customary sweetness of temper. "No bad news," he asked, anxiously, when Carmina opened the telegram.

"Good news! the best of good news!" she answered, impetuously.

Mr. Gallilee looked as happy as if the welcome telegram had been addressed to himself. On his way out of the room he underwent another relapse. The footman's audacious breach of trust began to trouble him again. He said—he actually said, without appealing to anybody—"Damn Joseph!"

The telegram was from Teresa. It had been dispatched from Paris that evening; and the message was thus expressed, "Too tired to get on to England by to-night's mail. Shall leave by the early train to-morrow morning, and be with you by six o'clock."

Carmina's mind was exactly in the state to feel unmingled relief at the prospect of seeing the dear old friend of her happiest days. Her thoughts never adverted to Mrs. Gallilee's attempt at surprising some suspected communication between Miss Minerva and herself—so plainly revealed by the order to the footman. For that night it was enough to know that she was not quite friendless yet. No fear of what might follow Teresa's return troubled her when she laid her head on the pillow. Her courage had revived; she felt equal again (with the dear old nurse's help) to confront the risk of the meditated flight. In her steadier flow of spirits she could now see all that was worthiest of sympathy and admiration, all that claimed loving submission and allowance from herself, in the sacrifice to which Frances had submitted. How bravely the poor governess had controlled the jealous misery that tortured her! How nobly she had renounced Carmina's friendship, for Carmina's sake!

The next day—the important Tuesday of the lecture on Matter—the delightful Tuesday of Teresa's arrival—brought with it special demands on Carmina's pen.

Her first letter was addressed to Frances. It was frankly and earnestly written; entreating Miss Minerva to appoint a place at which they might meet, and assuring her in the most affectionate terms that she was still loved, trusted, and admired by her faithful friend. The parlor-maid took the letter immediately to the flower-shop, and placed it herself under the cord of one of the boxes—still waiting to be claimed.

The second letter filled many pages, and occupied the remainder of the morning.

With the utmost delicacy, but with perfect truthfulness at the same time, Carmina revealed to her betrothed husband the serious reasons which had forced her to withdraw herself from his mother's care. Bound to speak at last in her own defense, she felt that concealments and compromises would be alike unworthy of Ovid and of herself. What she had already written to Teresa she now wrote again—with but one modification. She expressed herself forbearingly towards Ovid's mother. The closing words of the letter were worthy of Carmina's gentle, just, and generous nature.

"You will perhaps say, Why do I only hear now of all that you have suffered? My love, I have longed to tell you of it! I have even taken up my pen to begin. But I thought of you, and put it down again. How selfish, how cruel, to hinder your recovery by causing you sorrow and suspense—to bring you back, perhaps, to England, before your health was re-

stored. I don't regret the effort that it has cost me to keep silence. My only sorrow in writing to you is that I must speak of your mother in terms which may lower her in her son's estimation."

The servant brought the luncheon up to Carmina's room. The mistress was still at her studies; the master had gone to his club. As for the girls, their only teacher for the present was the teacher of music. When the ordeal of the lecture and the discussion had been passed, Mrs. Gallilee threatened to take Miss Minerva's place herself until a new governess could be found. For once, Maria and Zoe showed a sisterly similarity in their feelings. It was hard to say which of the two looked forward to her learned mother's instruction with the greatest terror.

Carmina heard the pupils at the piano while she was eating her luncheon. The profanation of music ceased, when she went into the bedroom to get ready for her daily drive. She took her letter, duly closed and stamped, down-stairs with her—to be sent to the post with the other letters of the day collected in the basket. In the weakened state of her nerves the effort that she had made in writing to Ovid had shaken her. Her heart beat uneasily; her knees trembled as she descended the stairs.

Arrived in sight of the hall, she discovered a man walking slowly to and fro. He turned towards her as she advanced, and disclosed the detestable face of Mr. Le Frank.

The music-master's last reserve of patience had come to an end. Watch for them as he might, no opportunities had presented themselves of renewing his investigation in Carmina's room. In the interval that had passed, his hungry suspicion of her had been left to feed on itself. The motives for that incomprehensible attempt to make a friend of him, so strangely accompanied by a sinister invitation to shake hands, remained hidden in as thick a darkness as ever. Victim of adverse circumstances, Mr. Le Frank had determined (with the greatest reluctance) to take the straightforward course. Instead of secretly getting his information from Carmina's journals and letters, he was now reduced to openly applying for enlightenment to Carmina herself.

Occupying, for the time being, the position of an honorable man, he presented himself at cruel disadvantage. He was not master of his own glorious voice; he was without the self-possession indispensable to the perfect performance of his magnificent bow. "I have waited to have a word with you," he began, abruptly, "before you go out for your drive."

Already unnerved, even before she had seen him—painfully conscious that she had committed a serious error on the last occasion when they had met, in speaking at all—Carmina neither answered him nor looked at him. She bent her head confusedly, and advanced a little nearer to the house-door.

He at once moved so as to place himself in her way.

"I must request you to call to mind what passed between us," he resumed, "when we met by accident some little time since."

"He had speculated on frightening her. His insolence stirred her spirit into asserting itself. 'Let me by, if you please,' she said; 'the carriage is waiting for me.'"

"The carriage can wait a little longer," he answered, coarsely. "On the occasion to which I have referred, you were so good as to make advances, to which I cannot consider myself as having any claim. Perhaps you will favor me by stating your motives?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Oh, yes—you do!"

She stepped back and laid her hand on the bell which rang below-stairs, in the pantry.

"Must I ring?" she said.

It was plain that she would do it if he moved a step nearer to her. He drew aside with a look which made her tremble. On passing the hall-table, she placed her letter in the post-basket. His eye followed it, as it left her hand; he became suddenly penitent and polite. "I am sorry if I have alarmed you," he said, and opened the house-door for her—without showing himself to the coachman and the maid outside.

The carriage having been driven away, he softly closed the door again and returned to the hall-table. He looked into the post-basket.

Was there any danger of discovery by the servants? The footman was absent, attending his mistress on her way to the lecture. None of the female servants were on the stairs. He took up Carmina's letter and looked at the address: *To Doctor Ovid Vere*.

His eyes twinkled furtively; his excellent memory for injuries reminded him that Doctor Ovid Vere had endeavored (without even caring to conceal it) to prevent Mrs. Gallilee from engaging him as her music-master. By subtle links of its own forging, his vindictive nature now connected his hatred of the person to whom the letter was addressed, with his interest in stealing the letter itself for the discovery of Carmina's secrets. The clock told him that there was plenty of time to open the envelope, and (if the contents proved to be of no importance to him) to close it again and take himself to the post. After a last look round, he withdrew undiscovered, with the letter in his pocket.

Returning to the house, the carriage was passed by a cab with a man in it, driven at such a furious rate that there was a narrow escape of collision. The maid screamed; Carmina turned pale; the coachman wondered why the man in the cab was in such a hurry. The man was Mr. Mool's head clerk, on his way to Doctor Benjulia.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE mind of the clerk's master had been troubled by serious doubts after Carmina left his house on Sunday.

Her agitated manner, her strange questions,

and her abrupt departure, all suggested to Mr. Mool's mind some rash project in contemplation—perhaps even the plan of an elopement. To most other men the obvious course to take would have been to communicate with Mrs. Gallilee. But the lawyer preserved a vivid remembrance of the interview which had taken place at his office. The detestable pleasure which Mrs. Gallilee had betrayed in profaning the memory of Carmina's mother had so shocked and disgusted him, that he recoiled from the idea of holding any further intercourse with her, no matter how pressing the emergency might be. It was possible, after what had passed, that Carmina might feel the propriety of making some explanation by letter. He decided to wait until the next morning on the chance of hearing from her.

On the Monday no letter arrived. Proceeding to the office, Mr. Mool found, in his business correspondence, enough to occupy every moment of his time. He had purposed writing to Carmina, but the idea was now inevitably pressed out of his mind. It was only at the close of the day's work that he had leisure to think of a matter of greater importance—that is to say, of the necessity of discovering Benjulia's friend of other days, the Italian teacher Baccani. He left instructions with one of his clerks to make inquiries the next morning at the shops of foreign booksellers. There, and there only, the question might be answered, whether Baccani was still living, and living in London.

The inquiries proved successful. On Tuesday afternoon, Baccani's address was in Mr. Mool's hands.

Busy as he still was, the lawyer set aside his own affairs, in deference to the sacred duty of defending the memory of the dead, and to the pressing necessity of silencing Mrs. Gallilee's cruel and slanderous tongue. Arrived at Baccani's lodgings, he was informed that the language-master had gone to his dinner at a neighboring restaurant. Mr. Mool waited at the lodgings, and sent a note to Baccani. In ten minutes more he found himself in the presence of an elderly man, of ascetic appearance, whose looks and tones showed him to be apt to take offense on small provocation, and more than half ready to suspect an eminent solicitor of being a spy.

But Mr. Mool's experience was equal to the call on it. Having clearly and fully explained the object that he had in view, he left the apology for his intrusion to be inferred, and concluded by an appeal—always, to their credit be it spoken, seriously received by foreigners—an appeal to the sympathy of an honorable man.

Silently forming his opinion of the lawyer, while he listened, Baccani expressed the conclusion at which he had arrived, in these terms:

"My experience of mankind, sir, has been a bitterly bad one. You have improved my opinion of human nature since you entered this room. That is not a little thing to say, at my age, and in my circumstances."

He bowed gravely, and turned to his bed. From under it, he pulled out a clumsy iron box. Having opened the rusty lock with some difficulty, he produced a ragged pocketbook, and picked out from it a paper which looked like an old letter.

"There," he said, handing the paper to Mr. Mool, "is the statement which vindicates this lady's reputation. Before you open the manuscript I must tell you how I came by it."

He appeared to feel such embarrassment in approaching the subject, that Mr. Mool interposed.

"I am already acquainted," he said, "with some of the circumstances to which you are about to allude. I happen to know of the wager in which the calumny originated, and of the manner in which that wager was decided. The events which followed are the only events that I need trouble you to describe."

Baccani's grateful sense of relief avowed itself without reserve. I feel your kindness," he said, "as keenly as I feel my own disgraceful conduct, in permitting a woman's reputation to be made the subject of a wager. From whom did you obtain your information?"

"From the person who mentioned your name to me—Doctor Benjulia."

Baccani lifted his hand with a gesture of angry protest.

"Don't speak of him again, sir, in my presence!" he burst out. "That man has insulted me. When I took refuge from political persecution in this country, I sent him my prospectus. From my own humble position as a teacher of languages, I looked up without envy to his celebrity among doctors; I thought I might remind him, not unfavorably, of our early friendship—I, who had done him a hundred kindnesses in those past days. He has never taken the slightest notice of me; he has not even acknowledged the receipt of my prospectus. Despicable wretch! Let me hear no more of him."

"Pray forgive me if I refer to him again—for the last time," Mr. Mool pleaded. "Did your acquaintance with him continue after the question of the wager had been settled?"

"No, sir!" Baccani answered, sternly. "When I was at leisure a few days afterwards, to go to the club at which we were accustomed to meet, he had left Rome. From that time to this—I rejoice to say it—I have never set eyes on him."

The obstacles which had prevented the refutation of the calumny from reaching Benjulia were now revealed. Mr. Mool had only to hear, next, how that refutation had been obtained. "Shall we return," he suggested, "to the manuscript which you permit me to read?"

"Willingly," said Baccani. "The position I took in the matter is easily described. I was determined to see the woman's face before I allowed myself to believe that an estimable married lady could have compromised herself with a scoundrel, who had boasted that she was his mistress. I waited in the street, until



the woman came out. I followed her, and saw her meet a man. The two went together to a theatre. I took my place near them. She lifted her veil as a matter of course. My suspicion of foul play was instantly confirmed. When the performance was over, I traced her back to Mr. Robert Graywell's house. He and his wife were both absent at a party. I was too indignant to wait till they came back. Under the threat of charging the wretch with stealing her mistress's clothes, I extorted from her the signed confession which you have in your hand. She was under notice to leave her place for insolent behavior to her mistress. The personation which had been intended to deceive me was an act of revenge; planned between herself and the blackguard who had employed her to make his lie look like truth. There is one thing more to add, before you read the confession. Mrs. Robert Graywell did imprudently send him some money—in answer to a begging letter artfully enough written to excite her pity. A second application was refused by her husband—and what followed on that you know already.

Having read the confession, Mr. Mool was permitted to take a copy and to make any use of it which he might think desirable. His one remaining anxiety was to hear what had become of the man who had planned the deception. "Surely," he said, "that villain has not escaped punishment?"

Baccani answered this in his own bitter way. "My dear sir, how can you ask such a simple question? That sort of man always escapes punishment. In the last extreme of poverty his luck provides him with somebody to cheat. Common respect for Mrs. Robert Graywell closed my lips; and I was the only person acquainted with the circumstances. I wrote to our club declaring the fellow to be a cheat—and leaving it to be inferred that he cheated at cards. He knew better than to insist on my explaining myself—he resigned and disappeared. I dare say he is living still—living in clover on some unfortunate woman. The beautiful and the good die untimely deaths. He, and his kind, last and live."

Mr. Mool had neither time nor inclination to plead in favor of the more hopeful view, which believes in the agreeable fiction called "poetical justice." He tried to express his sense of obligation at parting. Baccani refused to listen.

"The obligation is all on my side," he said. "As I have already told you, your visit has added a bright day to my calendar. In our pilgrimage, my friend, through this world of rogues and fools, we may never meet again. Let us remember gratefully that we have met. Farewell."

So they parted. Returning to his office, Mr. Mool attached to the copy of the confession a brief statement of the circumstances under which the Italian had become possessed of it. He then added these lines, addressed to Benjulia: "You set the false report afloat. I leave it to your sense of duty to decide whether you ought not to go at once to Mrs. Gallilee and tell her that the slander which you repeated is now proved to be a lie. If you don't agree with me, I must go to Mrs. Gallilee myself. In that case, please return, by the bearer, the papers which are inclosed."

The clerk instructed to deliver these documents, within the shortest possible space of time, found Mr. Mool waiting at the office on his return. He answered his master's inquiries by producing Benjulia's reply.

The doctor's amiable humor was still in the ascendant. His success in torturing his unfortunate cook had been followed by the receipt of a telegram from his friend at Montreal containing this satisfactory answer to his question: "Not brain disease." With his mind now set completely at ease, his instincts as a gentleman were at full liberty to control him. "I entirely agree with you," he wrote to Mr. Mool. "I go back with your clerk; the cab will drop me at Mrs. Gallilee's house."

Mr. Mool turned to the clerk. "Did you wait to hear if Mrs. Gallilee was at home?" he asked.

Mrs. Gallilee was absent, sir—attending a lecture."

"What did Doctor Benjulia do?"

"Went into the house to wait her return."

(To be continued.)

#### UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHY.

##### A PRACTICAL EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.

AMONG the problems of immediate importance in applied electricity, none is, perhaps, more imperative than the best methods of conducting wires through cities and densely populated districts so as to dispense with the poles hitherto used, and which have become both unsightly and dangerous. This problem the American Sectional Electric Underground Company of Philadelphia claims to have solved perfectly and successfully, and gave, a few days since, a public and practical demonstration, in that city, of its methods of operation. The exhibition, which occurred upon the lots leased by the company at the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets, was witnessed by a large number of the leading electricians, telegraph officials and journalists from the principal cities of the country, and, as far as practical results indicated, was a complete and satisfactory success. Tests, through about a thousand feet of telegraph, telephone and electric light wire, each insulated and carried side by side for much of the distance in a common conduit, were made, and in each the result was substantially identical—no induction nor secondary current was perceived and the full undivided force of the original current was delivered without appreciable loss. The visitors were invited to examine most critically the entire plant of the company, and for a better idea of the mode of insulation and combination of the wires a section of the conduit was exhumed, and the wires as they actually lay exposed to view. President Johnstone made a full and detailed explanation of the methods and claims of the company, answering inquiries, meeting objections and welcoming suggestions, in an able, clear and distinct manner, which added much to the interest of the occasion and the full understanding of the plans and operations of the company.

It is not claimed by the Sectional Company that any new principles have been discovered or any new substance for insulation invented, but that by a more skillful use of materials heretofore known, with superior mechanical devices, the most simple, cheap and effective method of conducting and retaining the electrical current has been devised. Each wire of the best copper is conducted through a metallic tube packed in rubber, and these tubes, of any desired number, are laid side by side in a common conduit beneath the street curb-stone. The tubes are of convenient lengths, and are joined, coupled, tapped, divided and otherwise treated very much the same as gas-pipes, which they strongly resemble. In the main trunk conduit, which will be made large enough for a man to pass, several thousand wires will be laid on racks, enabling each wire to be reached readily when desired. As will be seen, the wires passing along the streets may be tapped at any point desired and wires led to street lamp-posts for lighting, to dwellings for light, telegraph or telephone, or may run in large numbers to the main telegraph-office of the city. Among the advantages claimed by the American Sectional Company for its method are these: The simultaneous passage of several distinct currents through adjoining conductors without marked effects of induction; the diminution of retardation resulting from excessive induction; the decrease of leakage by preserving the conducting wire from injury to its insulation; the work is easy of access and quickly manipulated when disturbed by any accidental cause; cut-outs, or stop-cocks, to be handled from the sidewalk, to cut off the supply from any one building without causing any disturbance in any other buildings whose lights are in the same circuit any more than stop-cocks of gas mains for house supply.

Upon the conclusion of the practical demonstration of the methods and results of the company, its guests from abroad, with a large number of Philadelphians, were entertained at the Hotel Bellevue at Broad and Walnut Streets. The banquet-hall, which was decorated with excellent and unusual taste, was brilliantly illuminated by the large Thomson-Houston electric lights supplied by a current generated by a dynamo machine operated in the presence of the entire company by an Otto silent gas-engine. The current was transmitted along the tables to the overhanging lights through tubes insulated by the Sectional Company's process, and it is worth mentioning as a curious illustration of the transmission of force that while only fifteen gas-jets were necessary to operate the engine which ran the dynamo machine, the electrical light furnished by the current was equivalent to that of one hundred and fifty gas-jets. Colonel Alexander McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, presided at the banquet, and the remarks of the electricians, telegraphers and journalists as they "had the floor" later in the evening, making due allowance for the courtesies of the occasion, indicated the general conviction that the Sectional Company had already made a long advance in the right direction towards a complete solution of the problem. Among the eminent and practical electricians present were Professor E. J. Houston, of the Electrical High School, Philadelphia; Professor R. E. Rogers, of Jefferson Medical College; Dr. Charles MacCresson, of Philadelphia; J. F. Morrison, of Baltimore; Professor J. P. Barrett, of Chicago, and S. D. Field, electrician of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company. The principal officers of the American Sectional Company are as follows: President, W. H. Johnstone; Vice-President, G. W. Bratton; Secretary, A. P. Douglass; Treasurer, A. F. Sabine; General Manager, J. Ensign Fuller.

The Thomson-Houston system used in this illumination is based on the patents of Professors Elihu Thomson and Edwin J. Houston, and is controlled in this section of country by the Thomson-Houston Electric Light Company. It embraces a dynamo-electric machine for generating the current, a regulator for automatically adjusting the collecting brushes of the machine, and an electric lamp and its appurtenances. The dynamo machine of this company is the simplest in construction of any known. The armature, or coil generating the current, is wound with but three coils, or, more strictly speaking, with a single coil with three branches. The commutator, the part which throws all the currents in the same direction, is constructed of but three pieces of insulated metal, and the current is carried from the commutator by two or four brushes according to the type of the machine. This machine is exceedingly regular in its operation, and will compete in economy with any other in the market. The current is large and uniform, so that the lights are large, and remarkably steady. The automatic adjustment of the commutator-collecting brushes effected by the regulator, a feature covered by patents held exclusively by the Thomson-Houston Company, gives to these machines a flexibility possessed by no other. By its use a machine can be made to furnish any number of lights, from its maximum number down to a single light, without altering its speed, the change in the number of the lights the machine is furnishing being attended with a corresponding decrease in the power required to drive it. One of the most noticeable features at the Philadelphia Exhibition of the great advantage of this sectional system in underground feasibility, in addition to the unlimited number of reasons why all wires should be buried, was the conspicuous fact that, with all the recognized superiority of the Thomson-Houston lights, they were never seen or known to burn with such steadiness and increased illumination, with no more power than would be used to light the same number of lights by the overhead system—all of which was due to the fact that the current was conveyed underground, with no appreciable loss or retardation, one of the strong, yet demonstrated, claims of the American Sectional Electric Underground Company.

#### A BRAVE OFFICER OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

WE give on page 253 a portrait of Sergeant Michael McGauran, of the United States Signal Service, concerning whom General William B. Hazen, chief signal officer of the army, recently issued the following general order: "The chief signal officer invites attention to the conduct of Sergeant Michael McGauran, of this corps, at Pensacola, Fla., during the past season, when yellow fever visited that city. In the face of an epidemic which unnerves the bravest men, Sergeant McGauran attended promptly and quietly to his station duties, asked neither favors, change, additional help nor relief, but maintained an unbroken series of observations which are of great value in the study of the development and progress of the epidemic. His faithfulness under these trying circumstances entitles him to public commendation."

That is the highest quality of courage which, in the midst of universal panic, and in constant presence of disease and death in their most hideous forms, calmly faces every danger, quietly and unobtrusively performs every duty which comes to hand, and with entire forgetfulness of self, seeks in everything the good of others; and this is just the courage displayed by the faithful officer so fully and deservedly complimented by General Hazen. One's faith in human nature, so often exposed to assault, is strengthened by every such illustration of genuine heroism, and it is possible to believe, with the poet, that there is, after all, in every man, "the rubbish of an Adam in his first estate."

Michael McGauran, who was born in County Cavan, Ireland, was enlisted for the Signal Corps, United States Army, June 12th, 1874, and having been instructed at Fort Myer (then Fort Whipple), Va., in the duties of an assistant to an observer, he was ordered to Boston, Mass., October 23d, 1874, where he remained on duty until October 18th, 1875, when he was ordered to Fort Whipple for further instructions and promotion. On February 19th, 1876, he was promoted to the grade of sergeant, and assigned to duty in charge of the station

of observation at Charleston, S. C., February 25th, 1876, where he continued on duty until December 21st, 1878, when he was assigned to duty in charge of station at Davenport, Iowa. His term of service having expired June 11th, 1879, he was discharged with an "excellent" character, and, on the following day, re-enlisted for the Signal Corps, and re-assigned to duty at Davenport, where he continued on duty until ordered to Pensacola, Fla., March 19th, 1881, where he is still in charge of station.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is not generally known that the Autumnal tints of foliage are not produced in regions where the air is polluted with sulphur-fumes. The leaves shrivel up and blacken without previously turning red or yellow.

Prehistoric Graves, belonging to men of the transition epoch between the stone and bronze ages, have been found in Rome. Flint arrow-heads, bronze fibulae, or ornamented with amber beads, and pottery made by hand and baked in the sun were found, but the bodies were not represented by ashes. They are at least twenty-five centuries old.

Herr S. Wolff endeavors to account for sun spots by a new theory. He thinks they may represent areas on the sun that are vastly hotter than the bright surface surrounding, instead of being cooler, as astronomers generally believe. They are regions so extremely hot, he supposes, that the heat radiations have reached the intensity of ultra-violet rays; these being invisible, the spots consequently appear dark.

M. Lisch, inspector of historic monuments, has recently discovered a whole Gallo-Roman town in the environs of Poitiers. It includes a temple, a thermal establishment still possessing its piscina, hypocaust, pipes, flagging, etc., a theatre, entire streets, and more than seven hectares of buildings (the excavations are not yet finished). "It is," he says, "a small Pompeii in the centre of France." The sculptures are in the best style, and thought to date from the second century.

Professor Simony has recently ascended the Dachstein in order to make some exact measurements concerning the decrease of the Dachstein glaciers. He found that the so-called Karlefeld has since 1856 lost about 50 60 metres in thickness, the middle portion about 40 50 metres. The decrease in the thickness of the ice is most noticeable in the high and steep descent from the middle to the lower portion of this glacier. Here a piece of the glacier-bed—a rock about thirty metres in height and sixty broad—has been laid quite bare. Up to 1856 the glaciers were steadily increasing, but since then the decrease has been equally incessant.

Stearine Candles have hitherto been used in the compressed air caissons often required in bridge-building, but they impregnate the atmosphere with smoke and injure the health of workmen. Electric illumination was recently tried in Europe as a substitute, and proved entirely successful. Eight lamps of the small Swan type are used to light the working chamber; a Siemens dynamo of about thirty lamp-power supplying the current. A second dynamo is kept in reserve, to be used in case of a breakdown or excessive heating. The additional cost of the system is regarded as largely compensated by the increased comfort in working.

A Strong, impervious parchment paper is obtained by thoroughly washing woolen or cotton fabrics, so as to remove gum, starch, and other foreign bodies, and then immersing them in a bath containing a small quantity of paper pulp, which is made to penetrate the fabric by being passed between rollers. Thus prepared, it is afterwards dipped into sulphuric acid of suitable concentration, and then repeatedly washed in a bath of aqueous ammonia until every trace of acid has been removed. Finally, it is pressed between rollers to remove the excess of liquid, dried between two other rollers which are covered with felt, and lastly calendered.

It is well known that minute metallic particles are often collected in places remote from terrestrial sources of dust. Recent investigation shows that many of these particles must have undergone fusion, which evidently proves that they have come from the smoke of factories, from volcanic fires, or that they had a meteoric origin. It is found by chemical analysis that, in addition to iron, they contain nickel and cobalt, and neither of these two substances has ever been known to exist in similar particles from factory smoke or from volcanic dust. The evidence is, therefore, on the side of the many who have maintained that the so-called meteoric dust really comes to us from space.

M. Fredericq has found that the blood of crabs and other crustaceans at Ostend possesses the same strong and bitter taste as the sea-water, and the same saline constitution, while crabs in brackish water have a less salt blood, and the crayfish of rivers have very little of soluble salts in their blood. An exchange of salts seems to take place, in these animals, between the blood and the outer medium, producing approximate equilibrium of chemical composition. This probably occurs through the respiratory organ, and is according to the simple laws of diffusion. On the other hand, the blood of sea-fishes has an entirely different saline composition from that of the water; it is more or less isolated, presenting herein an evident superiority over the invertebrates referred to.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

NOVEMBER 25TH.—At Washington, D. C., Dr. Christopher C. Cox, formerly Surgeon in the Army, Commissioner of Pensions, and Professor in a Philadelphia Medical College, aged 66; at Columbia, S. C., Robert W. Barnwell, formerly member of the United States Senate, and later of the Confederate Senate, aged 81. November 26th.—In this city, Commodore Henry Eagle, one of the oldest officers in the United States Navy, aged 81; at Denver, Col., O. J. Goldrich, one of the early settlers, and formerly connected with the Denver newspapers; at Hamilton, O., Lewis D. Campbell, formerly member of Congress, and a leading politician, aged 71; at Paris, France, Edouard Guillaume Bounet Duverrier, a leading radical politician, aged 58; at Crossen, Prussia, Baron Otto Theodore von Manteuffel, formerly Premier of Prussia, aged 77. November 27th.—At Baton Rouge, La., General Andrew S. Herron, Congressman-elect. November 28th.—At Newark, N. J., Dr. Alexander N. Dougherty, an eminent physician and surgeon, and formerly postmaster, aged 62; at Trenton, N. J., Henderson G. Scudder, a prominent merchant; at Columbia, S. C., James H. Strong, Rear-admiral, United States Navy, aged 68. November 29th.—At Crossen, N. Y., Peter H. Silvester, ex-member of Congress, aged 75; at Boston, Mass., Rev. Dr. Jacob M. Manning, a distinguished Congregational clergyman, aged 68; at Calais, Me., James S. Pike, formerly in the diplomatic service, and a well-known writer; at Charleston, S. C., Colonel Edward D. Blake, formerly in the United States Army, and later in the Confederate service. November 30th.—In this city, General Daniel Tyler, a veteran soldier and leading railroad man, aged 83; at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Colonel Thomas G. Harkness, a leading mine contractor; at Chicago, Ill., Colonel R. W. Rickafy, an active politician; at Steubenville, O., Jonathan J. Updegraff, member of Congress, and a prominent Republican politician, aged 60. December 1st.—In this city, Samuel Remington, a wealthy arms manufacturer, aged 65; at Brooklyn, N. Y., Henry C. Murphy, President of the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees, ex-member of Congress, and a leading Democratic politician, aged 72; at Oswego, N. Y., Orville Robinson, ex-member of Congress, aged 81; at New Haven, Conn., Rev. Charles H. B. Tremaine, Pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church; at Paris, France, M. Roche Veruet, Ducier's Chief of Cabinet.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GAMBETTA wounded himself slightly in the hand while examining a revolver last week.

ASSYM PASHA has been appointed Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs in place of Said Pasha.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, of Alabama, has been re-elected for a term of six years.

THE Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D.D., of New Orleans, has been elected Assistant Bishop of Mississippi.

MRS. ELIZABETH FOWLER, of Jonesville, S. C., celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth on Thanksgiving Day.

MR. SIMON CAMANCHO last week presented to the President his credentials as Minister Resident at Washington from Venezuela.

GOVERNOR FOSTER of Ohio is considering the imposition of a tax on all saloon-keepers, so as to stop the present free trade in whisky in that State.

CAPTAIN ALLEN MAY, of Hardin County, Ky., aged 101 years, surprised the neighbors the other day by marrying a young woman aged nineteen.

R. PORTER LEE, late president of a national bank in Buffalo, convicted at Syracuse of embezzlement, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

DONG TONG, a Chinese artist at Chicago, has acquired quite a reputation as a portrait-painter. He has painted the portraits of many well-known citizens.

THE Right Rev. P. F. Crinon, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hamilton, Ont., dropped dead of heart disease while eating dinner at Jacksonville, Fla., a few days ago.

THERE is to be a scholastic celebration of Martin Luther's four-hundredth birthday. November 10th, 1883, for which the Town Council of Berlin has voted money.

MRS. GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK has written a "Te Deum Laudamus," which is dedicated to St. Cornelius's chapel, Governor's Island. It is to be published shortly.

MR. HOLLIS HUNNEWELL, who has already given Wellesey, Mass., a public library building costing \$75,000, is now erecting there a town hall worth about \$100,000.

JAY GOULD recently purchased for \$40,000 the best site in Woodlawn Cemetery—an acre of ground surmounting a hill near the middle of the cemetery and overlooking the whole.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE, the New Orleans novelist, is to deliver at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, a course of six lectures in March next upon the relations of literature to modern society.

MAYOR-ELECT EDSON took the oath of office last week at the Bank of New York. He is a director of the bank, and, while at a conference of the directors, he sent for Mayor Grace, who administered the oath.

THE youngest Governor after January 1st will be James B. Grant, of Colorado, a Democrat, who is but thirty years old. The oldest Governor is Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who will be seventy-one in February.

JOHN TONIN, formerly President of the Hudson River Railroad, and one of the Wall Street kings, has sunk through intemperance to the level of an ordinary bum, and was locked up in the Toms a few days ago for drunkenness.

THE St. Louis Grand Jury have ignored the Bill against John A. Cockerell, editor of the Post-Dispatch, for the shooting of Colonel A. W. Slayback, a few weeks ago, and it is not likely that any further action will be taken in the matter.

THURLOW WEED's will bequeaths his New York residence and its contents to his daughter Harriet, and after minor gifts to old friends and legacies to charitable institutions, divides the rest of the property into nine equal shares for his children and grandchildren.

VASSAR BROTHERS' INSTITUTE, a gift to the Poughkeepsie Society of Natural Science from the late Matthew Vassar, Jr., and his brother, John Guy Vassar, was formally dedicated last week. During his address John Guy Vassar presented the Institute with \$5,000 as a repair fund.

A RECENT vacancy in the board of editors of the Williams Athenaeum was offered to the student in either the Sophomore or Freshman Class who should write the best articles. There were ten competitors, and the successful one was Harry A. Garfield, son of the late President.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, last week, delivered his farewell lecture to the students of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Holmes is to be made Emeritus Professor of Anatomy at the next meeting of the College Overseers. The chair which he vacates is to be filled by Dr. Thomas Dwight.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS lives in a veritable palace, in the centre of a handsome and spacious park, just outside the city limits of Bloomington, Ill. From the lofty turret that surmounts his mansion he can view fertile fields that are all his own, extending almost to the horizon, to the north and east.

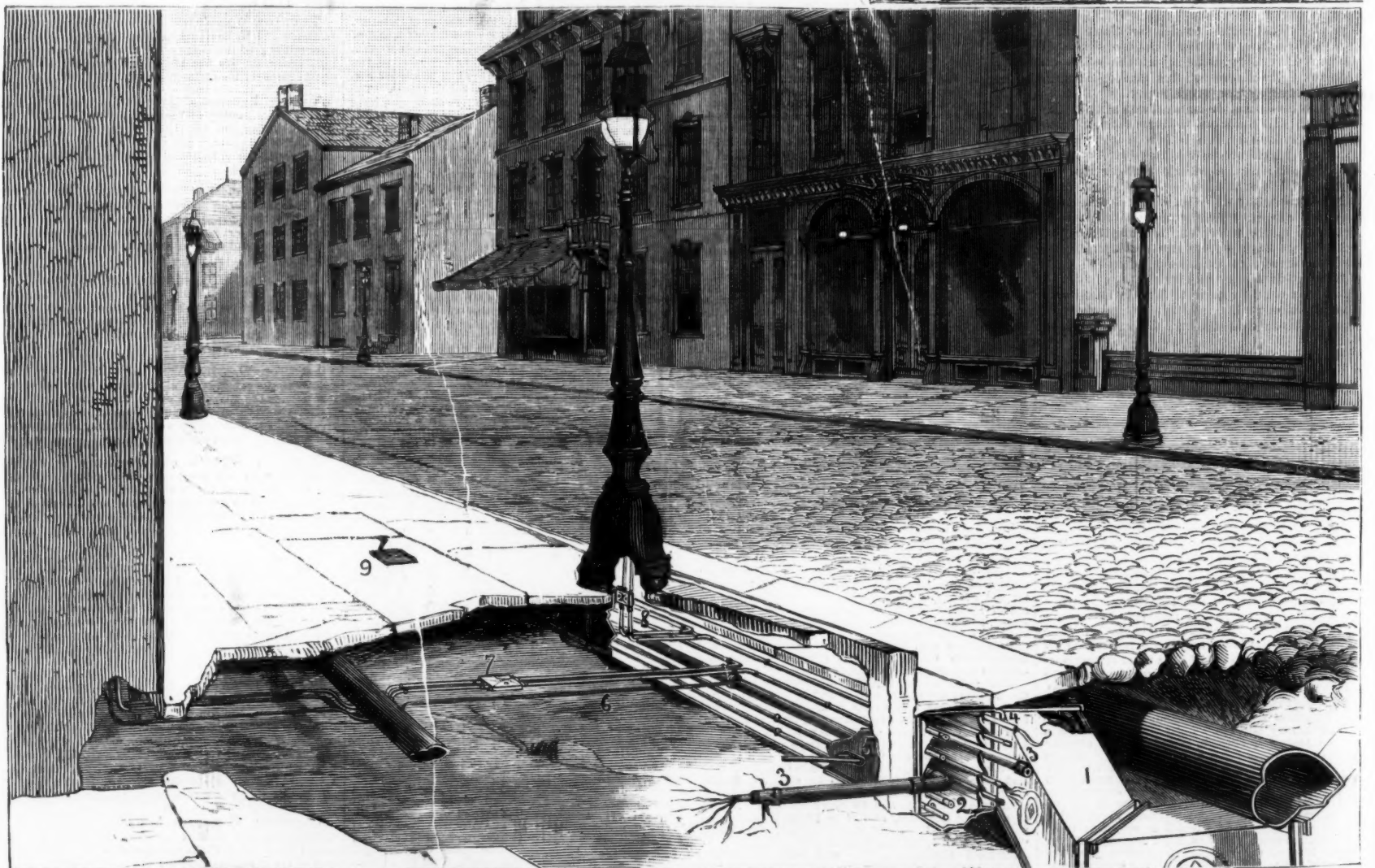
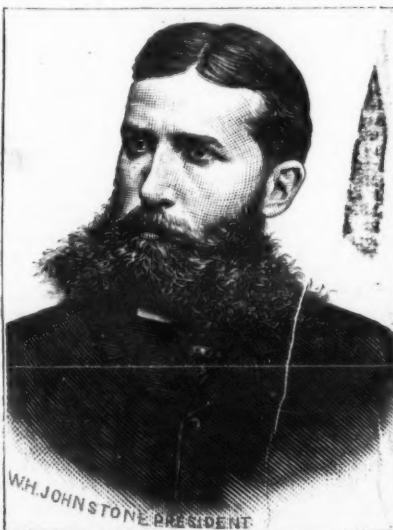
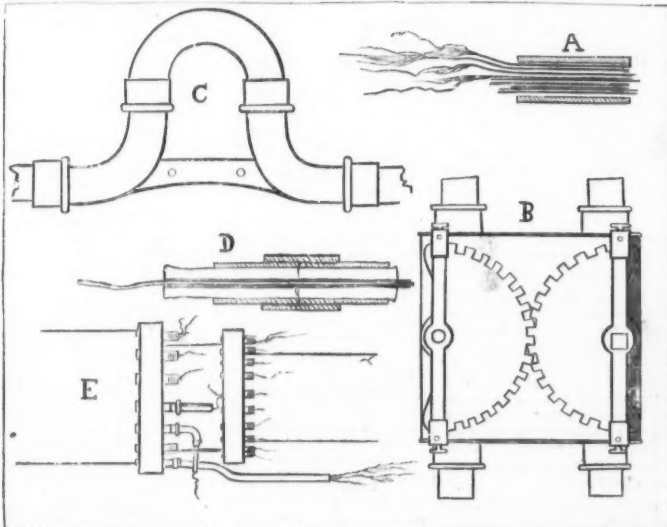
THURLOW WEED's correspondence is to be turned over to his biographer, Frederick W. Seward. Mr. Weed preserved nearly all of the letters he received without regard to the subject matter, and had them indexed and filed away in his house. Many of them are of historical value, and the signatures would delight autograph hunters.

REV. JAMES BEECHER, half-brother of Henry Ward Beecher, has broken down from overwork and been placed in the Middletown (N. Y.) Asylum. He had lived for some years in the woods of Ulster County, but a year ago went to Brooklyn as pastor of the Bethel Mission, and threw himself into the hard work of a city missionary life with such vigor that both body and mind gave way under the strain.

ABIGAIL HULL, who recently died in Trempealeau County, Wis., in her 102d year, was born in Hampton, N. H., and had lived in Wisconsin since 1845. Mrs. Hull was a lineal descendant in the fourth generation of Hannah Dustin, of colonial historical fame, who, when captured by Indians at Haverhill, N. H., in 1697, managed, with the assistance of another white woman and a boy, to murder the entire party of redskins while asleep, and escape in a canoe down the river.

CORPORAL GEPHARD LUBERCKT BLUCHER, post-schoolmaster at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, has received from Baker Pasha an offer of a position on his staff to aid in the organization of the army of the Khedive of Egypt. Corporal Blucher is a lineal descendant of the famous Marshal Blucher, Prince of Wahlstadt, Waterloo fame, after whom he is named. He graduated at the Universities of Bonn and Heidelberg, served in the Prussian army a while, was afterwards military attaché of the German Legation in Egypt, and, coming to this country in 1880, enlisted in the Second Artillery as schoolmaster.





1. Bend of the Main. 2. Open Face of Conduit. 3. Telegraph and Telephone Pipe. 4. Electric Light Pipe. 5. Pipes Passing through the Side of the Main. 6. Telegraph and Telephone Connection with House. 7. Electric Light Connection. 8. Connection with Street Lamp. 9. Opening in the Sidewalk to get at the Cut-off.  
A. Sectional View of Pipe with Telegraph and Telephone Wires. B. The Out-off. C. A Loop in the Pipe. D. Electric Wire and Pipe, showing Connection. E. Distribution of Telegraph and Telephone Wires. F. Scene in banquet hall, showing transmission of currents along the tables. G. Conduit with wires.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHY.—A. PRACTICAL EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.





NEW HAMPSHIRE.—HON. SAMUEL WHITNEY HALE,  
GOVERNOR-ELECT.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY SARONY.

HON. S. W. HALE,  
GOVERNOR-ELECT  
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**SAMUEL W. HALE**, the Governor-elect of New Hampshire, is a good type of the self-made New Englander. Born in Fitchburg, Mass., April 2d, 1823, he grew up a farmer's boy, and early had to add his share towards the family support, clothing himself after he reached the age of fourteen years with money earned at odd hours by sawing firewood and other similar employments. His education was gained in the district school and the local academy, and soon after reaching his majority he left the paternal home and struck out into the world for himself. He spent some years with his older brother, John, who was established in trade at Dublin, N. H., and in 1859 removed to Keene, where he has ever since resided, and built up a large manufacturing business. Beginning with the employment of twenty men in making chairs, he has steadily increased the proportions of the industry, until now employment is given to one hundred workmen on the premises and to some five hundred women and children outside of the manufactory in Keene and the neighboring towns. In 1879 he became interested in the manufacture of furniture, and now employs one hundred men in that industry, while last year he purchased a woolen mill at Lebanon, where sixty hands are employed. Mr. Hale is also largely interested in the purchase and sale of shoe-pegs, one manufactory supplying him with 80,000 bushels per annum, and his sales aggregating 125,000 bushels a year. He owns a farm of 300 acres in Keene, and another of equal size in Newbury, Vt. Mr. Hale has been largely interested in railroad enterprises, and was a leading spirit in the construction of the Manchester and Keene Railroad, which has done much for the southwestern part of the State. His prominence as a citizen naturally led to his being called into public life. In 1866 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and re-elected the next year, and in 1869 and 1870 he was chosen a member of the Governor's Council. In September last, after a hotly-

contested canvass, he was nominated for Governor by the Republicans, and last month he was triumphantly elected, despite the Democratic tidal wave which swept over the country generally and rolled across Massachusetts to the very border of the Granite State. Mr. Hale's private character is above reproach, and his elevation is only a fit recognition of a successful career.

THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

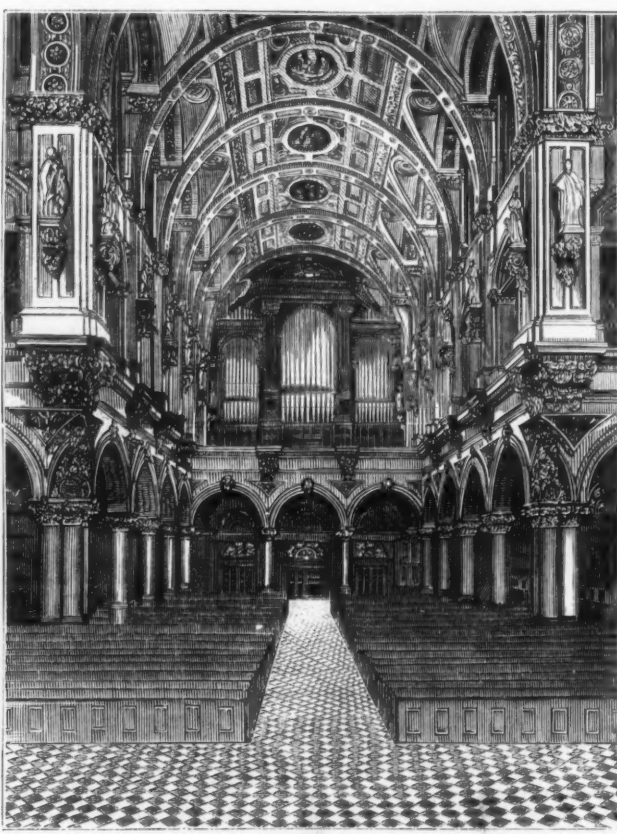
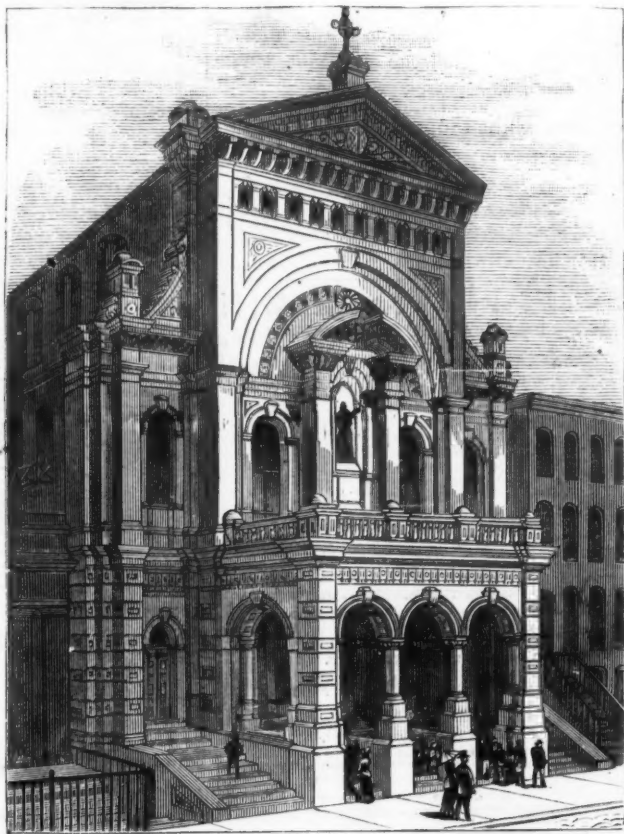
THE new Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth Street, which was formally dedicated on the 3d instant, is one of the most imposing church edifices in New York city. It has been in course of construction for more than four years, the corner-stone having been blessed on Sunday, May 5th, 1878. Practically the church, including the portico on Sixteenth Street and the sacristies in the rear of the chancel in Fifteenth Street, extend from street to street. The extreme length from the portico to the chancel wall is 190 feet. The portico itself is 48 feet by 14. The length of the church, including the vestibule, is 180 feet. The vestibule is 18 feet deep. The breadth of the nave and aisles is 178 feet. The breadth of the nave at the intersection of the transepts is 136 feet. The transepts are 45 feet by 20. The sanctuary, including the steps, is 45 feet deep. This leaves an area of some 11,200 square feet for the accommodation of the congregation. The height of the front elevation from the sidewalk is 104 feet. The height of the interior of the upper church is about 74 feet. The height of the proposed campanile-tower is 180 feet.

The edifice is in the classical Roman style of architecture, which style is preserved also in the general form of the interior, with modifications in the details and ornamentation. The walls are of brick; the facade is of rock-faced and bluish-gray granite; and the trimmings are of mottled granite. All the stone came from the quarries of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The interior shows the walls constructed on the principle of the pier-arch. The arches are supported by pilasters, veneered with Italian marble and covered with foliated Corinthian capitals. The granite monolithic pillars support the triforium. The whole interior is belted by a horizontal entablature above the arches, and from it another series of pilasters support the arches of the roof. The chancel, transepts and nave unite in giving the edifice the usual form of a Latin cross. The effect of the architectural forms of the interior is lofty and inspiring, though the solidity and vigor of the structure and the brightness and cheerfulness of the decorations remove the solemnity which is ordinarily associated with churches of the Gothic type. The prevailing tone is very light, and this, added to the exclusive use of marble in the floor, altars, chancel and wainscoting, gives, however, a cold air to the room, which makes the frescoed medallions of the ceiling and the stations between the pilasters on the sides exceedingly graceful. Wood is visible only in the pews, the confessionals and the organ-case, but here it is oak of a beautiful color and fibre.

There are five altars, the high altar in the middle, the Blessed Virgin's altar, St. Joseph's altar, the altar of the Sacred Heart, and the altar of St. Aloysius. They are all marble, with small pillars of



SERGEANT MICHAEL M'GAURAN, U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE.  
DISTINGUISHED FOR HEROIC CONDUCT DURING THE YELLOW  
FEVER EPIDEMIC AT PENSACOLA.—SEE PAGE 251.



NEW YORK CITY.—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, IN WEST SIXTEENTH STREET.

Mexican and Californian onyx. The windows are filled with stained glass, but not with pictures of saints. All pictures are left for the ceilings and walls, but there they are plentiful and almost gorgeous. The pictures in the stations are mainly life-size, and each picture fills the space between two pilasters. A series of five frescoes depicting the Conception, the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension of Christ, form a background to the arcade around the chancel apse. Ranged around the altar are pictures of five typical missionary saints of the Society of Jesus. In the ceiling, at the intersection of the nave and transepts, there is a large medallion showing the apotheosis of St. Francis Xavier, and a dozen or more smaller medallions, show the Saint in as many different characters—"Virgin in soul and body," "Most chaste," "Most poor," etc. Numerous niches and brackets support statues of saints, apostles, evangelists and the four greater prophets.

The organ of the church is by far the largest organ in New York, and contains the very newest improvements, not forgetting the crescendo pedal, which is one of the most effective bits of mechanism invented of late years. The instrument contains the following stops and pipes: Great organ, 19 stops, 1,566 pipes; swell organ, 19 stops, 1,508 pipes; choir organ, 11 stops, 638 pipes; solo organ, 6 stops, 348 pipes; pedal organ, 11 stops, 330 pipes; mechanicals, 14 stops; pedal movements, 13; total, 80 stops and 4,390 pipe. The dedicatory services on Sunday last were of the most imposing character, and attracted a very large audience.

THE NEW CUSTOM  
HOUSE  
AT CINCINNATI.

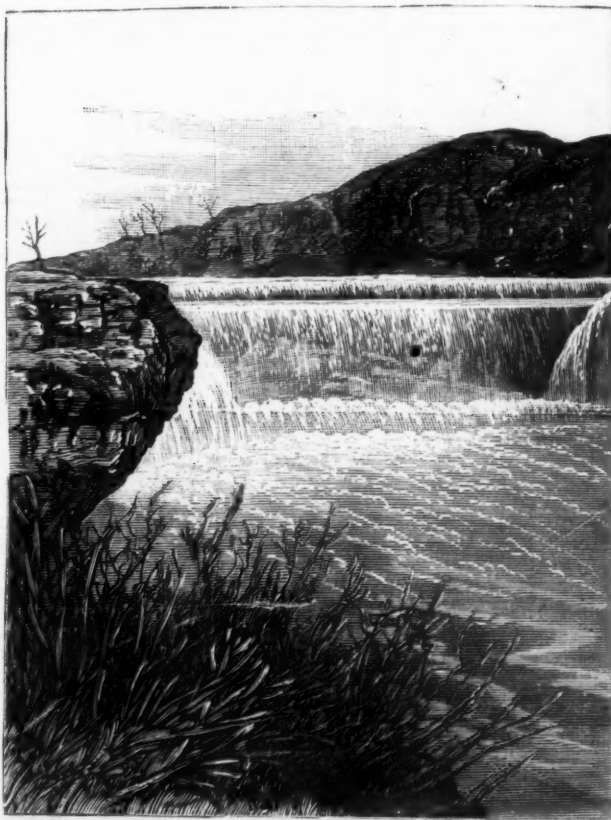
THE plan of the new Custom House and Post Office at Cincinnati was designed by A. B. Mullet, former Government architect, and who also designed the Custom Houses at St. Louis, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, and the Post Office in New York. Excavations were commenced May 15th, 1874. The building is 366 feet long, 166 feet wide and eight stories high. It will be composed entirely of brick, iron and stone. The style is modified Roman classic. Up to this time \$4,000,000 have been appropriated by Congress for its construction. When completed, some two years hence, it will have cost \$6,000,000, and the structure will be one of the largest and most convenient of the kind in the country.

THE FALLS OF  
DELL RAPIDS.

WE give on this page a view of the Falls in the Big Sioux River at Dell Rapids, Dakota, one of the chief attractions in the appropriately named County of Minnehaha. The Big Sioux is some 300 miles in length, and bears an important relation to the river systems of both Dakota and Iowa. It traverses fertile, undulating prairies, and



OHIO.—THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE, CINCINNATI.



DAKOTA.—FALLS AT DELL RAPIDS.



he scenery at many points along its course is charmingly picturesque. The Falls at Dell Rapids constitute one of its chief features.

### THE NEW ELECTRIC MOTOR.

EVERY foreign mail enlarges our list of the leading periodicals of Europe which have honored an American invention, but about which the American public has heard very little. The Double Induction Motor is the invention of Mr. W. W. Griscom, of Philadelphia, and seems destined to play a most important part in the electrical lighting system, as it is the only small motor which equals the best dynamo in efficiency. We may soon expect our factories to be run by day with the electricity which illumines our houses by night. In such cases a large pecuniary gain will be effected, for a separate motor can be supplied to each piece of machinery at a less cost than the shafting which it replaces, and the enormous plant of the electric light can be utilized during the day for power. We hope soon to be able to give a detailed and illustrated account of Mr. Griscom's system. The motor, in connection with an automatic battery, is largely used both here and abroad by dentists and surgeons for driving their drills and saws, and in private families for their sewing-machine, with a decided advantage in increasing the delicacy of manipulation and in lessening the fatigue of the operator.

### FUN.

BUGLE trimmings are recommended for a windy day.

THE piece de resistance — The boarding-house chicken.

DEFINITION of a soldier of fortune — A soldier who has none.

THE man who scissors off coupons is the genuine revenue cutter.

WHEN a political party becomes too fresh, the people send it up Salt River.

IF you would not have your stomach trouble you, don't trouble your stomach.

A CLEVELAND man has invented a "vacuum gun." This is bad. It is always the empty gun that kills the small boy.

"TELEGRAPH BLUE" is a new color. It is the shade of a man's face when he gets a dispatch from his broker asking for more margin.

WHILE putting on a clean shirt a Hartwell, Ga., man felt over a trunk and broke his collar-bone. But he says he's going to try it again when he gets well.

HAY fever was worn very light this year, and the increasing popularity of malaria bids fair to drive the former fashionable complaint entirely out of society.

It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and a quarter persons to each family. In many of them the husband is the quarter.

A GREAT Irish orator and wit was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, would mean by persistently putting out his tongue. "I suppose he's trying to catch the English accent," said the wit.

PEDESTRIAN, who has dropped a penny in front of "a poor, blind man" — "Why, you humbug, you're not blind." Beggar — "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

A FATHER scolds his son for his numerous youthful errors: "Really, father, when you were young, did you never frolic?" "Never," said the father, with a melancholy sigh: "when I was young I had no money, and when I became rich it was too late."

It is said of a well-known colored preacher of Morgan City, La., that while marrying a couple lately he asked the man, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife and vote for Hon. Taylor Beattie for Congress?" The man readily assented.

NEVER "bull-doze" a man, but if you meet a human being suffering with a bad cough, you may "bull-doze" him to advantage with DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

THE Philadelphia jury which decided that the Jew-harp is a musical instrument would probably render the verdict that Gilmore's national hymn is a grand and inspiring composition.

If taken in its incipient stages, the progress of Consumption can be arrested by the use of COMPOUND OXYGEN. It is being done in a large number of cases. Get DR. STARKEY & PALEN'S Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and study the facts for yourself. They will send it free. Address them at 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

### BURNETT'S COCAINE,

THE BEST OF ALL HAIR DRESSINGS.

It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

GIVES strength where there has been exhaustion, and vigor in place of impaired vitality.

CASWELL, MASSEY & Co.'s COLN-MYRRH is a valuable tooth and mouth preparation. Astrigent and purifying. 1,121 Broadway and 578 Fifth Ave.

DON'T die in the house. "ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

THE color and lustre of youth are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of PARKER'S HAIR BALM, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases \$1.

### READ THE PAMPHLET

OF the ANGLO-SWISS Co. on their MILK-FOOD and CONDENSED MILK, and learn the value of both for infants and invalids.

New and original drawings by well-known artists beautify the new 128-page illustrated catalogue recently issued by the Co-operative Dress Association, 31 and 33 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Its list of Dry-goods, Suits and Holiday Novelties is large and thorough. Its order-bureau goods are sent to patrons in distant parts of the country in response to letters by mail. By this means persons living in the Far West may do their shopping as cheaply as if they lived in the city, and in every case satisfaction is guaranteed.

### HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE,

A Specific for Dyspepsia.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail, J. F. HEGEMAN & Co., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

### THE UNION IRON AND STEEL COMPANY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18th, 1882.  
DEAR SIR—This Company now have in use your Asbestos and Hair Felt (Double Air Chamber) Covering on Steam Pipes, aggregating over twelve thousand (12,000) square feet of surface.  
I think the combination a good one, and am so well satisfied with the results that I am having all of our new pipe connections covered in the same manner as fast as they are completed.  
Yours, very truly,  
R. R. JONES, Gen'l Supt.

BEADLESON & WOERZ, EMPIRE BREWERY,  
291 WEST 10TH ST., NEW YORK, Nov. 22nd, 1882.

DEAR SIR—The H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company is doing our covering of pipes and boilers, and we continue to give them orders. They give perfect satisfaction.  
Yours, etc.,  
BEADLESON & WOERZ.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

"Use Redding's Russia Salva."

### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA.

### BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.  
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

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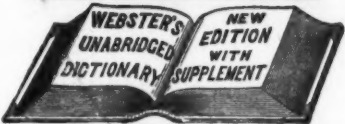
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I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, N. Y.

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GET THE BEST  
the latest edition with 118,000 Words, (3000 more than any other English Dictionary.)  
Biographical Dictionary which it contains gives brief facts concerning 97,000 noted persons.  
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HOLIDAY GIFT.  
Most acceptable to Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, Friend; for Holiday, Birthday, Wedding, or any other occasion.

It is the best practical English Dictionary extant.—London Quarterly Review.  
It is an ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—S. S. Herald.  
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

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MOST DURABLE & BEST

BUY IT AND MAKE HOME IF THERE IS NO AGENT NEAR YOU WRITE DIRECT TO US.  
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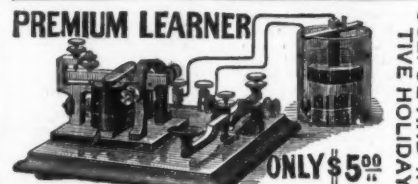
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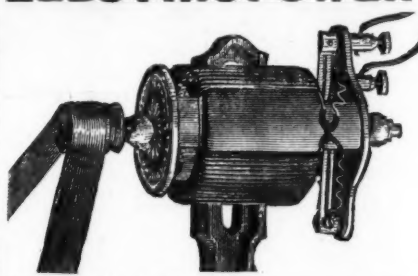


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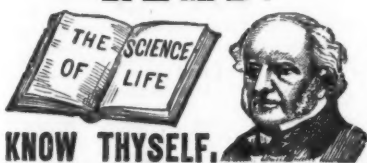
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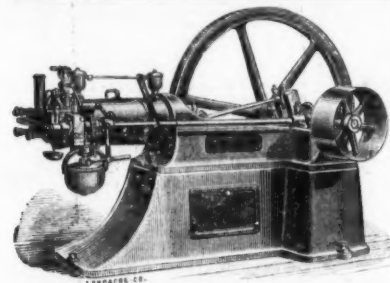


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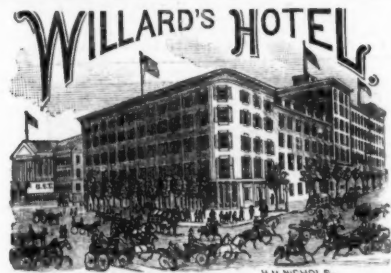
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